SPECIAL WAR NUMBER. 4D.

THE ROYAL

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

No. 17. Vol. III.—March, 1900.

Digitized by Google

23-2-1900
LIBRARY

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

THE BEST & SAFEST FAMILY MEDICINE

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

The most successful combination of medicinal herbs ever discovered for all

Bilious & Nervous Disorders.

Sick Headache,
Constipation,
Wind and Pains in Stomach,
Impaired Digestion,
Disordered Liver,
AND
Female Ailments.

ANNUAL SALE SIX MILLION BOXES.

In Boxes. 1/1½ and 2/9 each. with full directions. The 1/1½ box contains 56 pills.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Digitized by Google

TIME IS THIS LIFE'S RECKONER!

'Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE.'

Ruskin.

TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE, and you create for the World A DESTINY MORE SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY. WITHOUT these you have the GREATEST of ALL EVILS that can befall man, AN EARLY EXIT, which, like the brittle glass that measures time, is often broke, ere half its sands are run.

The Transvaal !!

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRICKEN PARTS OF AFRICA.

LACK OF SANITATION IN JOHANNESBURG.

"Lydenburg Camp, near Johannesburg, Transvaal.

"I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you upon the WONDERFUL EFFECTS of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in CLEARING the BODY of ALL FOUL SECRETIONS. I may add that for the last twelve years I have never been without it. I spent four years in New Orleans and the West Indies, and although people DIE there DAILY of FEVER, YET I ESCAPED, and I feel sure that it was owing to my KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL and my Stomach in order by the use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I came to this country eight years ago and have lived in my capacity of GOLD PROSPECTOR in some of the MOST FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA. Just after the Jameson Raid I and five companions volunteered for service in Matabeleland. I, of course, took a good supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' with me. I may say that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed, the REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the Fly Country. Never in my life have I felt better, although FEVER is VERY PREVALENT in JOHANNESBURG owing to LACK of SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.—Yours faithfully, 'TRUTH,' Nov. 16, 1896."

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect on a disordered or FEVERISH CONDITION is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

Caution.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

KOKO

FOR THE HAIR

Eradicates Scurf and Dandriff.
PROMOTES GROWTH.
Prevents Hair Falling and Turning Grey. Contains no Grease or Dye.
Invariably gives satisfaction.

SPECIAL OFFER to those who have not yet tried KOKO.

A 4/6 Trial Bottle for 2/-

Any person forwarding this Coupon and P.O. for 2/-, and 5 Stamps to pay postage, packing, &c., will receive immediately for trial, by Parcel Post, under cover, prepaid, **One Regular 12-oz. Bottle of Koko for the Hair,** the price of which is **4/6**, provided this is ordered within **ten days from the date of this offer.** In no case will more than one bottle be sent for the use of the same person on this coupon, as we make the offer solely for trial, knowing it creates a demand when once used; and this bottle gives it a fair trial. We find it better to thus practically **give away** one bottle to make a customer than to spend large amounts in advertising. **Any person into whose hands this offer comes may avail themselves of it.** Address all Orders with Coupons to—

THE KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., LD., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON.

Orders may be sent with this Coupon after the expiration of date, providing we are then issuing these trial bottle Coupons, and if we are not, the money will be returned. This Coupon will be received at 16, BEVIS MARKS, E.C., or 113, REGENT STREET, LONDON, & 2/- only will be required when presented personally.

No 01
COUPON
Good for March 1/00
This entitles the holder to a 4/6 Bottle on the conditions stated above.
Koko Maricopas Co Limited

KOKO is sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c., at 2/6 and 4/6 per Bottle.

Digitized by Google

.. The RINGLEADERS, ..

Established in the Reign of King George III.,

For Solid 18-carat Gold (Government Hall-marked) Rings at Manufacturer's Cash Prices.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS, Set with Real Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, Opals, &c., &c., Post Free to any Address in the World. Money returned in full if not approved of within 7 days.

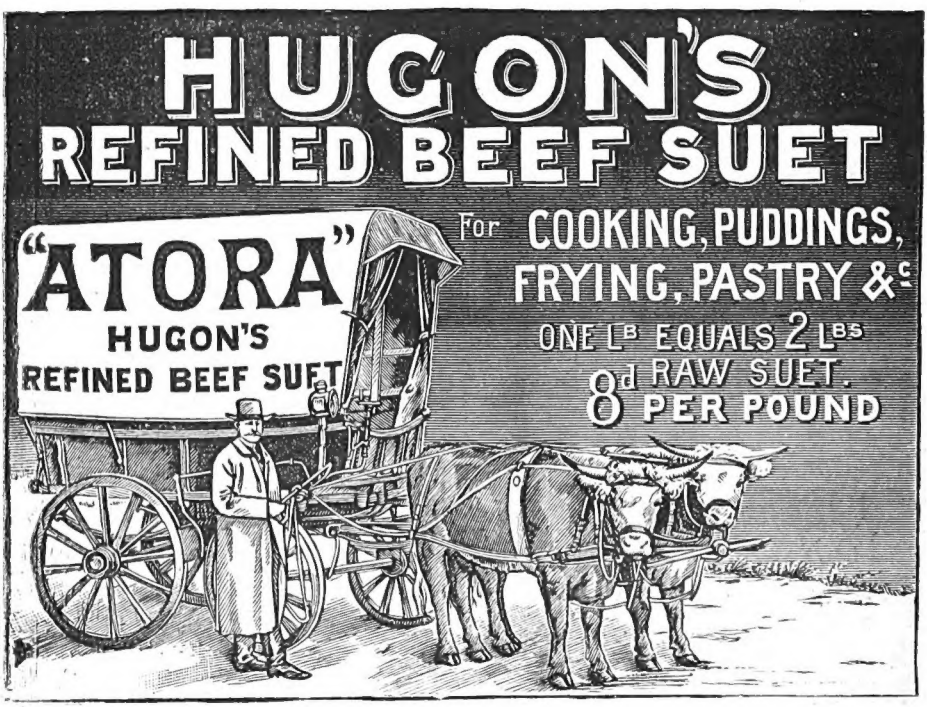
Two Rubies, six Pearls and one Diamond, 18/6.	Diamond Cluster with Ruby Centre, £2 10 0.	Handsome Pink Coral, 24/6.	Single Brilliant Diamond, 21/-	Three Sapphires and four Diamonds, £4 10 0.	One Diamond and two Rubies, 27/6.

SPECIALITY:—Solid Guinea-Gold Wedding Rings and Keepers. Price Lists Free.

JOHN MYERS & COMPANY, LIMITED, Ring Manufacturers,

131a and 135a, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

HUGON'S REFINED BEEF SUET



RICH IN FLAVOUR. — APPETISING

GRANT'S SCOTCH OAT FLOUR

PURE IN QUALITY. — STRENGTH-ENING.

Carefully prepared from the finest Scotch Oats. Its unrivalled flesh-forming and bone-producing properties constitute it an invaluable food for Young Children, Invalids, or Adults.

Ask your Grocer for it. Sample 1-lb. Tins 1s., sent Post Free.

PROPRIETOR AND MANUFACTURER—

JOHN GRANT, Craig Mills, DUNDEE.

Makers of Grant's Guaranteed Pure Scotch Oatmeal.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING TAUGHT BY MAIL

Thousands are successful and gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our mail system. We teach Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Machine Design, Electro-Therapeutics, Short Popular Electrical Course, etc., by mail. Study in spare time only. Institute endorsed by Thomas A. Edison and others of U.S. and England. Catalog free.

Electrical Engineer Institute

Dept. 29, 120 Liberty St., New York, U.S.A.

FITS CURED

From the first dose of **OZERINE** fits cease. It has cured PERMANENTLY the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price **4/6** and **11/-**, post free. Thousands of Testimonials **Send for a Free Sample Bottle** and Test it. **Write to Dept. B., W. NICHOLL, *Pharmaceutical Chemist*, 25, HIGH ST., BELFAST.**

Digitized by Google

MORE NURSES and

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

NURSE THRUSH, 2, Somers Place, Hyde Park, W., writes:

"I have great pleasure in saying that I have found Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa very beneficial both to myself and patients, and I can highly recommend it to all my friends.

"You can make use of this."

MRS. GREENING, 46, All Saints' Road, Westbourne Park, W.

"I have carefully tested Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and I find it extremely refreshing, nourishing, and sustaining. In my capacity as Ladies' Monthly Nurse I am frequently on duty many hours without sleep, I can, therefore, fully appreciate the excellent qualities of your Vi-Cocoa, and shall not fail to recommend it to my numerous patients.

"You are at liberty to publish this testimonial."

Favoured by the Homes and Hospitals of Great Britain.

DAINTY SAMPLE TIN FREE to any Address upon mentioning this Journal. Address DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA, Limited, 60, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

10/6 BY PARCEL POST.

Allen Foster & Co

SOLE MAKERS OF THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES

10/6 BY PARCEL POST.

Buy Direct at First Cost from the Leading Firm of London Manufacturers.

Design No. 256. 10/6

Design No. 208.—HALF-A-GUINEA.

The New Century Costume, utterly unrivalled all the world over. This charming costume is made in all the beautiful shades of the **Specialite Serge** and in the **Venetian Cloth,** two splendid wearing cloths. The bodice has a full front, very tastefully trimmed with prettily shaped revers of good velveteen, which are finished off with a smart edging of fancy braid. The collar is of velveteen and trimmed to match front. The bodice and sleeves are lined. The skirt is cut full with inverted pleat at back; the box pleat can be had if specially ordered. Costume complete. 10/6, carriage 6d. extra; Skirt alone, 5/6, carriage paid, 5d. extra.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Write for our **NEW ILLUSTRATED SKETCH BOOK** for Spring, sent post free. **ALLEN FOSTER & CO.'S NEW SHOW ROOMS, 47, Golden Lane, E.C.** are now open. Ladies are requested to call and inspect their Novelties in Jackets, Capes, Costumes, Blouses, etc.

Design No. 256.—HALF-A-GUINEA.

Ladies' Chesterfield Coat and Skirt. Cut in the latest shape, and made in all the shades of Allen Foster & Co.'s Venetian Cloth or in their Specialite Serge, two splendid wearing fabrics. The Coat can be worn open or closed. The Skirt is cut full with inverted pleat at back. Price only 10/6, carriage paid, 6d. extra. The Coat can be lined through for 2/6 extra.

Design No. 13. 5/6

Design No. 137.—5/6

Design No. 137 is the **New and Fashionable Costume Skirt.** It is a tailor-cut Skirt, with plenty of fulness and inverted pleats at back. These pleats are laced up at the top with cord and twelve pretty fancy buttons. Made in the excellent **Venetian Cloth** or **Specialite Serge** in all Colours. Price only 5/6; carriage 5d. extra. Colours in Specialite Serge and Venetian Cloth: Black, Navy, Grey, Fawn, Brown, Myrtle, Bronze-Green, Purple, Electric, New Blue, Ruby, Dark Grey, &c.

Design No. 208. 10/6.

Design No. 256. 10/6. Design No. 137. 5/6. Design No. 208. 10/6.

Business Hours, 9 to 6. Saturdays, 9 to 1.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., the London Manufacturers, 47, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Digitized by Google

The "**Washington**" 14 carat Gold Keyless Watch

IS one of the finest examples of present-day horological work. The movement is highly finished, fully Jewelled, and fitted with the Latest Modern Improvements. 14 carat Gold Cases, engine turned or plain, and fitted with Crystal Glass Front.
Warranted for Seven Years.

It is supplied on the first payment of **7/-**, and your promise to complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of the same amount

Seven Days Free Trial is allowed, and if you are not satisfied with the watch, return it, and your deposit will be instantly repaid.

Send for J. G. Graves' Illustrated Catalogue of all the Latest Designs. Free and Carriage Paid.

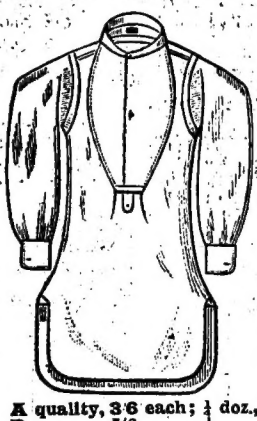
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

70/-

The "Washington"
14 carat Gold Keyless.
. . . £3. 10s. 0d.

J. G. Graves, Dept. 67, **Division-st., Sheffield.**

GRANT'S PERFECT-FITTING **SHIRTS**



Made on the latest scientific principles: every part being carefully proportioned so as to secure the maximum of ease and comfort along with a perfect fit. They are a revelation to every wearer who has experienced the evils of a bad fitting shirt. **Manufactured only in the very best materials; finest Linen Fronts and Cuffs. In three qualities:—**

A	quality, 3/6 each;	½	doz.,	10/3;	¼	doz., 20/-
B	„ 4/6 „	½	„	13/-;	¼	„ 25/6
C	„ 5/6 „	½	„	16-;	¼	„ 31/6

Post Free. When ordering, please mention size of collar.

D. H. GRANT, SHIRT SPECIALIST, LIME ST., LIVERPOOL.

LOW'S ASIATIC DEPILATORY

Will remove superfluous hair instantly and permanently without pain or injury to the skin. Put up in sealed bottles, of all Chemists, price **2/6**, or packed free from observation, post free, **2/9**. The noted preparation of Low, Son & Co., Perfumers to the Courts of George IV., William IV., and Queen Adelaide.

81, GREAT QUEEN-STREET, LONDON, W.C.

OSBORNE BAUER & CHEESEMAN'S

"GLYMIEL SOAP"

EXCEEDINGLY PERFUMED.

Possessing all the properties of the World-renowned

"GLYCERINE AND HONEY JELLY."

"Glymiel" PREVENTS CHAPS & SOFTENS THE SKIN.

Price **6d.**, or 3 Tablets in box, **1/6**. Sample Tablet (post free) 8 stamps

OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN,

Perfumers to the Queen,

19, Golden Sq., Regent St., London.

MILLIONS of Garments **SAVED YEARLY** by using **MATHER'S**

NIGRINE

The Jet Black Marking Fluid for Marking Linen, Cotton, &c. Will not injure the most delicate fabric. **In Bottles at 6d., 1/-, 2/6, and 5/-.** Of all Chemists and Stationers. Sample Post Free for 13 Stamps.

W. MATHER, LTD., DYER STREET, MANCHESTER.

Digitized by Google

NEVER BE WITHOUT

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Cuts, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Ailments generally.

Large Pots 1/1½ each, at Chemists, or post free for value.

Illustrated List of CALVERT'S CARBOLIC PREPARATIONS sent post free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., *P.O. Box 513*, Manchester.

Don't Cough - use

They at once check the Cough and remove the cause.

The Unrivalled

One Lozenge alone relieves.
Sold everywhere, Tins 13½d. each.

Keating's Lozenges

A Living Bookcase

That Grows with your Library.

The WERNICKE Patent Elastic Bookcase System is the only perfect system invented. It consists of a series of independent units which interlock with each other, so that you can commence in one corner of the room with a case to hold ten books, and this can be expanded upwards or sideways to any extent; it is thus never too large or too small.

Advantages: *Gradual Expense*, dust proof glass doors, which lift up and slide back and close automatically—Any corner can be fitted—Cases can be built square or round a pillar—Protection of Books—Accessibility—Portability, as take to pieces easily—Elegance, Utility, Economy, &c.

Dainty illustrated No. 90 Booklet, fully explaining the above, posted free to any reader of "Royal Magazine."

THOMAS TURNER (Leicester), LTD.,
44, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.,
Also Birmingham and Leicester.

Why You Should Take Guy's Tonic.

Taken immediately after each meal Guy's Tonic mixes in the Stomach with the Food you have eaten, and helps to Digest it. It further Stimulates a flow of Gastric Juice, and increases the efficiency of the Digestive Functions themselves.

Food is therefore enjoyed because Digestion is Easy and Natural. This does away with Pain and Discomfort after meals, Wind, Acidity, Heartburn, and Water-Brash.

Guy's Tonic gently compels a Sluggish Liver to greater Activity, whilst thinning and rendering less resinous the Bile in the Gall Bladder. This makes the Blood purer and freer from Biliary Poisons, so that the drag on the Energies and Depression of Spirits are removed, and you become more Buoyant, Cheerful, and Energetic.

The Digestion of Food in the small Intestine is also better and more completely performed when the Liver is rendered active and in good working order by the use of Guy's Tonic. You are thereby freed from the poisonous Gases bred by Decomposing and Undigested Food, the cause of Flatulence and painful Distension. The Natural Functions are also brought at the same time into a Healthy, Normal Condition.

After Influenza.

"5, Brunswick Terrace,
"Brunswick Road, Northwich.
"My Wife has been in Delicate "Health for some years, and was "recently attacked with Influenza, "which left her very Weak. I advised "her to try Guy's Tonic. She now "sleeps better, eats better, and is a "living Testimonial to your Valuable "Medicine." Charles T. Mace.

A new size (Six Ounce) bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1/1½, is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

A PERFECT FOLDING

TURKISH BATH CABINET

Should be in every home, for Hot Air, Steam, Medicated or Perfumed Baths. CURES COLDS, RHEUMATISM, OBESITY, NEURALGIA, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, &c., &c., without nauseous drugs. Recommended by leading physicians.

HAS A REAL DOOR, opens wide. **FRAMEWORK** made of best steel. **EIGHT UPRIGHTS** support it. **DURABLE COVERING MATERIAL, RUBBER LINED. LARGE** and **ROOMY INSIDE.** Knees, arms, and body do not touch the sides. Plenty of room for hot foot bath, and to sponge, towel and cool the body while inside. **FOLDS FLAT** like a screen in 1 inch space. **WEIGHS** complete, only 10 lbs.

Send for No. (23) Pamphlet and Formulæ, FREE.

GEM SUPPLIES CO.,
6, BISHOP'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

Engraved from Photograph

Digitized by Google

INSIST UPON having your FURNITURE Upholstered in 'PANTASOTE' (REGISTERED TRADE MARK).

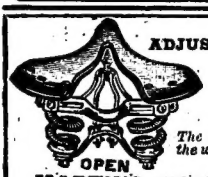
The Best Substitute for Leather.

Equal in Appearance and Wear at HALF THE PRICE

Write for nearest Agent to

WM. E. PECK & CO. (Incorporated)

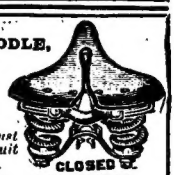
8, BRADFORD AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.



No. 055 ADJUSTABLE SADDLE, 15/- each.

OF ALL AGENTS OR DIRECT.

The rider may adjust the width of seat to suit himself.



OPEN CLOSED

MARTINS - BIRMINGHAM, LIMITED.

For clearing the skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, Freckles, Tan, &c. leaving it spotless, smooth, and natural. By using Henderson's Peralia regularly, the skin is brought into a proper normal condition, Healthy, soft, beautiful, transparent. Gives the hands, arms, face and neck a healthy white appearance. Beautifies the skin instantly. Used by Ladies and gentlemen of all classes. Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6. Postage in each case 3d. extra.

Use Henderson's Peralia for RED NOSES

CRIMPOLINE HAIR CURLING FLUID.

Curls the hair naturally in a few days The hair will always remain curly. Note. Crimpoline curls the hair permanently. No tongs needed. Other curling fluids **only** keep the hair in curl. Crimpoline is not greasy or sticky. See that you get Crimpoline. Have no other, or you will be disappointed.

Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. 1/9 and 2/6 per bottle. 3d. extra for postage.

Makers of Machines for Altering Ugly Noses, price 10/-. Elevators for increasing the height, making little people tall, 5/6 pair.

PERALIA PERFUMERY CO., 72 & 73, Camden St. (R.M.), **North Shields, England.** Foreign orders punctually attended to. PRICE LIST POST FREE

TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

The Modern Methods of Fresh Air, Over-Feeding and Rest are not alone sufficient.

IN USE 70 YEARS

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR

IS STILL NEEDFUL AND SUCCESSFUL

Sold by Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

Pamphlet by Mr. G. T. CONGREVE sent by post from Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London, S.E., on receipt of sixpence.

"MENE" Ladies say these Towels are superior to all other makes for cleanliness, comfort, and economy. May be obtained from all Underclothing Houses and Chemists, or, 2 doz. No. 1, 1/-; 2 doz. No. 2, 1/-; 1 doz. No. 3, **SANITARY** 1 doz. No. 2, 1/6; post free. A Free Sample of No. 1 sent post free to any lady naming this Magazine.

MISS HAYNES, 155, Fann St., London, E.C. **TOWEL** FOR LADIES.

SIX GOLD MEDALS.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON MERCURIAL.

Sold in Boxes 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Chemists, Grocers Ironmongers, &c.

COX'S

SPARKLING

GELATINE

A GREAT MANY DELICIOUS DISHES

Can be prepared with this Pure and Wholesome BRITISH production.

CLEAR CRYSTALLINE JELLIES,

DELICIOUS BLANC-MANGES, CREAMS & PUDDINGS, DELICATE SAVOURIES & INVALID DISHES

A large RECIPE BOOK will be sent to any address on receipt of penny stamp to defray postage.

J. & G. COX, Ltd. *(of Edinburgh),* **Eastcheap Buildings, LONDON, E.C.**

Digitized by Google

TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.

With the **Century Thermal Improved** (Self purifying, Folding) **Bath Cabinet** you can take Hot-Air Vapour and Medicated Baths at home, even better than in Turkish Bath Rooms. You save breathing hot air; save exposure to cold air afterward; save inconvenience, time and expense. The cost is three halfpence per bath. *The* **Century Cabinet** *is made of Hygienic Waterproof Cloth over a steel frame. Folds into 2 in. space. Weighs with Spirit Stove less than 20 lbs. Is set up,* **heated** *and ready for use in five minutes.*

FOR THE SICK A Turkish Bath brings tiny streams of impurities from five million pores at once. Sweats from the system all impure matter, giving robust health and strength, preventing and curing disease. Cures **Rheumatism,** a Hard Cold, and breaks up all symptoms of Fever with one bath. Immediate relief in cases of insomnia, blood, skin, nerve, kidney diseases, and Female complaints. **Reduces Surplus Flesh.**

FOR THE WELL The Turkish Bath aids one to keep well. It frees the system regularly from all waste and impurities. It keeps the mind and body up to the highest vigour. It rests the tired, quiets the nervous, and makes the sleepless sleep. It removes from the skin all that clogs and discolours it, clearing the complexion. It takes out of the skin more uncleanness than a common bath washes off from it. Gives all the invigorating, cleansing, and purifying effects of the most luxurious medicated bath, and is a luxury that quickly becomes a habit.

LADIES should use the **Complexion Steamer.** It gives the face the same vapour treatment as the body. Clears the skin of pimples and blotches, leaving it clean and soft as velvet. Invaluable for the successful treatment of Catarrh & Asthma.

THE CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET

Is in every respect the best one on the market. We do not compare it with the worthless affairs, too bothersome to use. We guarantee that it is better than the best of the good ones. We sell on trial, to be returned at our expense if not as represented.

OVER 200,000 SOLD DURING THE LAST YEAR.

PRICES of Cabinets, complete with heater, range from 25/- to 70/-

AGENTS WANTED, **Both Sexes. LARGE COMMISSION.**

FREE sample of goods and valuable book on "HEALTH, STRENGTH AND HYGIENE," with medical testimonials, to all who write. **Formula furnished for every description of medicated bath.**

The L. T. CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET CO.,
REGENT HOUSE (Just below Jay's), REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Allison' **'EGLINTON LEVER'**

Price **30**/- *Post Free.*

A Solid Silver English Hall-marked Cased Lever, jewelled in six holes, compensation balance, equal in appearance and time-keeping to a £5 5s. Watch. GUARANTEED FOR TEN YEARS

Famed Silver HUNTING WATCH.

Price **15**/- *Post Free.*

A really handsome and highly finished Watch with strong solid Sterling Silver Cases. First-class timekeeper, and guaranteed for five years. Sizes to suit Lady or Gentleman. Ladies' size beautifully engraved in new style.

ALLISON & CO., *Jewellers,*
197, EGLINTON STREET, GLASGOW.
ESTAB. OVER HALF A CENTURY.
Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

MACKINTOSH'S

IS "MOREISH"
More you eat, more you want.
Suits Everybody's taste.
J. MACKINTOSH LTD., HALIFAX.

The *London Medical Record* says: "Retained when all other foods are rejected. It is invaluable."

An eminent Surgeon writes: "After a lengthened experience of Foods both at home and in India, I consider 'Benger's Food' incomparably superior to any I have ever prescribed."

BENGER'S

Gold Medal, Health Exhibition, London.

FOOD

The *British Medical Journal* says: "Benger's Food has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

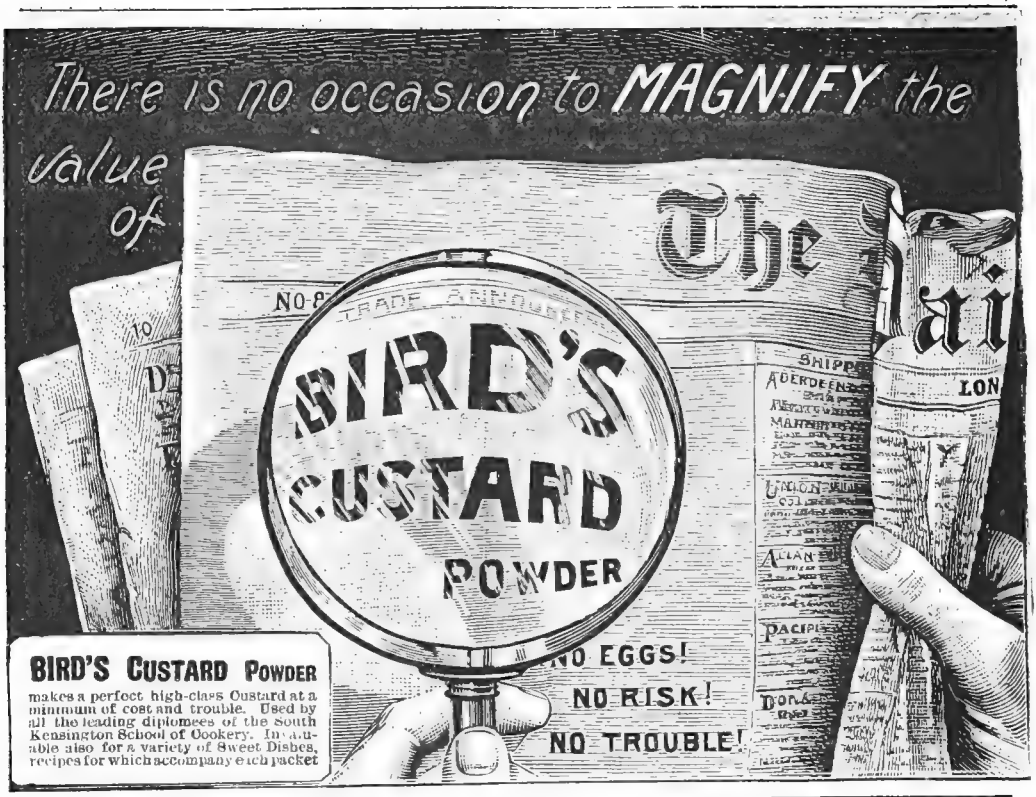
The *Lancet* says: "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

Benger's Food is sold in TINS by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, and THE AGED.

The Most DELICIOUS, NUTRITIVE, and DIGESTIBLE.

Digitized by Google


There is no occasion to MAGNIFY the value of
BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER
NO EGGS!
NO RISK!
NO TROUBLE!
BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER
makes a perfect high-class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading diplomees of the South Kensington School of Cookery. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, recipes for which accompany each packet

Asthma

Dr. Hayes desires to make known the complete success of his constitutional treatment for Asthma.

His book with full explanation, also giving the results in a large number of cases, will be sent to any applicant by post, with blank for examination, for which no charge is made.

More than 40,000 cases have been treated and a great many patients in England give permission to refer to them as being

Cured to Stay Cured

Address

P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D.,
Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN

For ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION.

White, Cream, Ecru and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled two sides and bottom, 3 yards long, 56 in. wide, 6/9 per pair; 3½ yards, 7/9 per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56 in. wide, frilled both sides, 11½d. per yard.* Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER-BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4/- each. Samples of Materials on approval. ROMAN CARPETS, TAPESTRIES, CRETONNES, FANCY VELVETS, ART SILKS, ART LINENS, PLUSHETTES, ART SERGES, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, Mantel Borders. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, &c., Post Free.

LACE CURTAINS *DIRECT FROM THE WAREHOUSE.*

THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL. 1 pair elegant Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3½ yds. long, 52 in. wide; 1 pair Breakfast Room Curtains, floral style, 3 yds. long, 52 in. wide; 1 pair pretty Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. long, 40 in. wide. All taped edges. 1 Lace Stand Cover, 2 Real Lace Toilet Mats. The Lot, carriage paid, 17s. 6d. White or Ecru. Such handsome value has never before been offered. Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Felts, &c., Post Free.

GORRINGE ART CARPETS.

Direct from the Warehouse. Marvellous Value. An entirely new Seamless and Reversible Carpet. May be had in Moss-Green, Terra Cotta, Art Blue, and Crimson. It is the most durable carpet made, and will wear for years when subjected to the hardest wear. 6 ft. by 9 ft., 9/-; 7½ ft. by 9 ft., 11/3; 9 ft. by 9 ft., 13/6; 10½ ft. by 9 ft., 15/9; 12 ft. by 9 ft., 18/-; 13½ ft. by 9 ft., 20/3; 10½ ft. by 10½ ft., 18/6; 12 ft. by 10½ ft., 21/8; 13½ ft. by 10½ ft., 23/9; 12 ft. by 12 ft., 24/-; 13½ ft. by 12 ft., 27/-; 15 ft. by 12 ft., 30/-; 18 ft. by 12 ft., 36/-; 21 ft. by 12 ft., 42/-; HEARTH-RUGS to match, 6 ft. by 3 ft., 3/- each. GORRINGE ART STAIR CARPET to match, 18 in. wide, 10½d.; 22 in., 1/0½; 27 in., 1/3 per yard. Plain, 1½d. per yard less. Patterns on approval. Lists Free. Linoleum, Cork Carpet, Matting, &c.

H. GORRINGE & CO., 66a Dept., Nottingham.

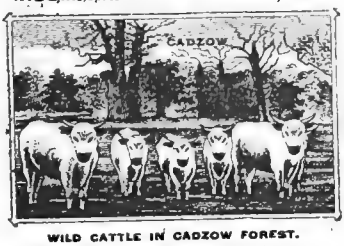
"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.

Equal in size and quality to any machine. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee.

To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5s. MONTHLY. Write for designs and samples of work—The Atlas Sewing Machine Co., 132a, High St., Camden Town London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn. Mention this Magazine.

Digitized by Google

KEITH'S PERFECT "CADZOW" (10 YEAR OLD) INCOMPARABLE WHISKY

TRADE  MARK

WILD CATTLE IN CADZOW FOREST.

THE LANCET says, June 17th, 1893:—"Thoroughly matured. Its character, in regard especially to taste and aroma, is quite consistent with the statement that this Whisky is kept in bond from ten to thirteen years."

GRANVILLE H. SHARP says:—"Possesses an especially fine aroma and flavour that is only obtainable by time."

43s. per doz. case, Carriage Paid. Sample Bottle, 4s., Carriage Paid.

Cash with Order or Reference.

JAMES KEITH, HAMILTON, N.B.

C. BRANDAUER & CO.'S Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

HAMILTON'S IRISH HOMESPUNS

BEAT THE WORLD FOR HARD WEAR.

Guaranteed hand-spun and hand-woven from pure wool only. The only perfect material for Cycling, Golfing, Shooting, and sport and country wear generally. Beautifully soft, light, and warm. Equally suitable for Ladies or Gentlemen. Prices from 21d. per yard. All goods carriage paid. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns free on application. Address DESK 9.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Depot for Irish Peasant Industries,
PORTRUSH, IRELAND.

BRITAIN'S BEST FREE WHEEL.

HOBART *Free Wheel CYCLES*

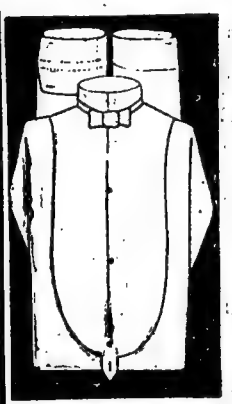
FROM TEN GUINEAS.
INCLUDING FREE WHEEL AND RIM BRAKE.

HOBART WORKS, COVENTRY; 20, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C., and Leading Agents.

WHITE SHIRTS fitted with our REVERSIBLE CUFFS

(See Nos. 2 and 3 described below)

WEAR TWICE AS LONG as ordinary Shirts.



THEIR economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirts to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time they reduce the laundry bill by one half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. The invention has commended itself to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the World.

UNLAUNDRIED WHITE SHIRTS.
Straight from the needle to the customer at Wholesale Prices.

IN THREE QUALITIES:

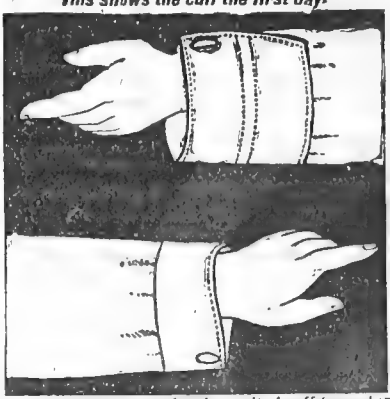
No. 1.—"THE DEFIANCE." Pure linen cuffs and fronts. With large single cuff, **2.6** each, **14/6** half-dozen, post free.

No. 2.—"THE CONQUEROR." Reversible cuffs, to button back or front. **3/3** each, **18/9** half-dozen, post free.

No. 3.—"THE CITY SHIRT." Fit for a duke to wear. Reversible cuffs, and to button back or front. Sample free by post, **3/6**, or **21/6** per half-dozen.

When ordering, mention size of Neck-band, and say whether to button back or front.

This shows the cuff the first day.



Second day's wear—showing soiled cuff turned in.

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, *Manufacturers,* **L Dept., 191, Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.**

Digitized by Google

Hud So

For Washing-Up

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

FRUIT

NOTHING SO PROFITABLE AND EASY TO GROW.
80 ACRES of SALEABLE TREES.

SEEDS

THE BEST PROCURABLE.
Lists Free.

ROSES

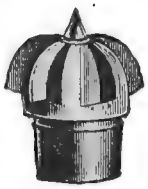
HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.
Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage Free, for cash with order.
8s. per doz., **60s.** per 100.
All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.

ROSES IN POTS From 15/- a doz.

Ornamental Trees 91, Acres.
A Superb Collection of Herbaceous Plants,
Four Acres of Glass.
Clematis (80,000) from 15/- doz.
N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.

GENERAL CATALOGUE
(Over 160 pages) of Nursery Stock, artistically produced, containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, free on receipt of 3d. for postage. Please mention this Paper.

RICHARD SMITH & Co., WORCESTER



SMOKY CHIMNEYS CURED
BY USING THE WORLD-RENOWNED
'Acme' Revolving Smoke-Curer.
An instant and permanent cure. The largest sale in the world. Over **90,000** in use. Delivered, carriage paid, to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of Postal Order for **12/6.** Printed directions sent with each. Any person can fix it. State inside diameter of chimney-pot. Particulars and Testimonials on application to Sole Maker—
JOHN COCHRANE. 44, KIRKGATE LEITH, N.B.

Lovely Figure

If there's Fortune in a Face, so surely is there in a beautiful Figure.
THIN BUST perfected. **CONFIGURATEUR CORSET**, patent, transforms any **THIN BUST** to full, lovely proportions of captivating beauty, impossible by any other Corset in the World. No hideous, unhealthful pads. Stiffened breast (*hollow, hygienic*) *instantly regulated any fulness* to suit **Thinnest** or **Moderate** figures. **French Grey, 6/6; Black, 6/9; White or Black, 10/6;** 14 ins. deep. **Black** only long waist, 15½ deep, 7/6. On approval (plain parcel, post free from Patentee's Warehouse) to test guaranteed effect.
BALE & CO. (Dep. 39), 3, Aldermanbury Avenue, LONDON, E.C.
This genuine Advt. seldom appears. Send at once for Circular.

To ASTHMA Sufferers.

Immediate relief in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough is gained by the use of

POTTER'S DATURA ASTHMA CURE.

Sold by all Chemists and Herbalists in Tins, at 1/- each. Free Samples sent on receipt of Post Card to POTTER & CLARKE, Wholesale Druggists, London, E.

Digitized by Google

son's ap

For Washing-Up

Myrtle Grove TOBACCO

SWEET.

COOL.

FRAGRANT.

TADDY & CO.,
MINORIES, E.

Digitized by Google

Cooks and Corn Flour.

A celebrated cook has observed that "A chef could no more do without Corn Flour than he could do without Parsley and the Stockpot." This is true, for **BROWN & POLSON'S "PATENT" CORN FLOUR** is in almost universal demand —the present enormous sales being based on a reputation for perfection of quality of more than forty years' standing. **BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR** never disappoints; whereas, with inferior kinds, successful results are not to be relied on. There is as much difference in qualities of Corn Flour as in qualities of tea; and the best—

THE RECOGNISED BEST—

IS

BROWN & POLSON'S

"Patent" Corn Flour.

WHEN BUYING A CHEAP BICYCLE

look at the tyres. If they are not

DUNLOP TYRES

the machine is not cheap at any price.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., Ltd.,

Alma Street, Coventry; 160 to 166, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

MAKES THE SKIN SOFT AS VELVET.

"LAIT Larola" Reg^d

Bottles— 6d. and 1/-

Sole Makers:

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham.

Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, TAN, IRRITATION, &c.,

and keeps THE SKIN **SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE** at all Seasons.

Digitized by Google

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1900.

		PAGE
"THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO NETLEY HOSPITAL" ... ... *Frontispiece* From a Drawing by Charles M. Sheldon.		
THE ART OF THE CAMERA ... ... RODERICK GREY		387
Illustrated with Photographs.		
THE PRODIGAL. A Story of the present War ... ... ATHOL FORBES		394
Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.		
VALE TO VALENTINES. A Poem ... ... G. D. LYNCH		398
Illustrated by R. P. Gossop.		
THE QUEEN AND HER SOLDIERS ... ... REGINALD MAINGAY		399
Illustrated from Engravings and with Photographs.		
WAR IN THE PLAYGROUND		406
Illustrated with a Photograph.		
FOR VALOUR. A Complete Story ... ... HUAN MEE		407
Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills.		
THE WARRIOR'S LAST PARADE ... ... R. C. RYAN		414
Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.		
AT CALL OF COUNTRY. A Series of Glimpses ... ... MARION ELLISTON		417
Illustrated by Edward Read.		
THE POWER OF A WAVE		421
Illustrated with a Photograph.		
STORIES OF SOME SUCCESSFUL SONGS ... ... T. ROBERTS		422
Illustrated with Photographs and fac-simile Music.		
THE WOMAN OF DEATH. A Serial Story ... ... GUY BOOTHBY		428
Illustrated by Victor Prout.		
BRITAIN'S FIGHTING ELEPHANTS ... ... H. J. CHUTER		439
Illustrated with Photographs.		
THE REWARD OF BATTLE. A Complete Story ... ... JOHN LE BRETON		445
Illustrated by J. Barnard Davies.		
THE STREET AUCTIONS OF MILITARY WOOLWICH ... ... ARTHUR GOODRICH		451
Illustrated with Photographs.		
O ABSALOM, MY SON! A Complete Story ... ... W. C. MORROW		458
Illustrated by E. F. Sherie.		
THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS. A Serial Story for Children ... ... G. A. BEST		462
Illustrated with Photographs.		
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY		469
Illustrated with Stereoscopic Slides.		

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first two half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the first and second six months are also ready, price 3/6 each; post free, 4/-.

Printed by HORACE COX, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.

SOUTOUMA

(PRONOUNCED SOO-TOOMA)

This delicious Caramel Sweetmeat is made from the finest Pure Rich Milk and other choice ingredients, and is therefore most nourishing and sustaining. It has a rich and delicate flavour, and is absolutely pure.

Sold everywhere, 1d., 3d. & 6d.

Wholesale, S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ld., London.

THE FAMOUS SWEET

OF ALL CONFECTIONERS AND GROCERS.

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL

MILK-CHOCOLATE

THE MOST NOURISHING AND

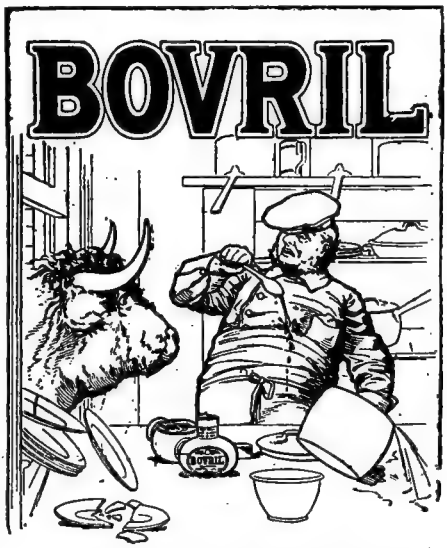
DELICIOUS SWEETMEAT IN THE WORLD.

NO IMITATION HAS THE CHARM OF PETER'S.

6d. Tablets and 6d. and 1s. Croquettes. Sold Everywhere.

Sole Agents (trade only), S. J. MACKENZIE & Co., Ltd., Wellclose Sq., London

Digitized by Google



Looking for Missing Relatives.

Emergency Dishes.

Bovril is a wonderful helper when unlooked-for guests arrive at luncheon or dinner hour. With its aid, soups, sauces, and gravies of the most delicious kind can be served up at the shortest notice, and stews, hashes and all sorts of "made" dishes are incomparably easier to prepare with Bovril as an ingredient.

'NO BETTER FOOD.'

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED

Cocoa.

'Strongest and Best.'

—Health.

300 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS.

CAUTION.—*Refuse Substitutes which are frequently pushed to secure additional profit. Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa is sold only in tins with Gilt Tops.*

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE SOLDIERS WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN. HER MAJESTY WAS ACCOMPANIED BY LORD KITCHENER.

(See page 406.)

Digitized by Google

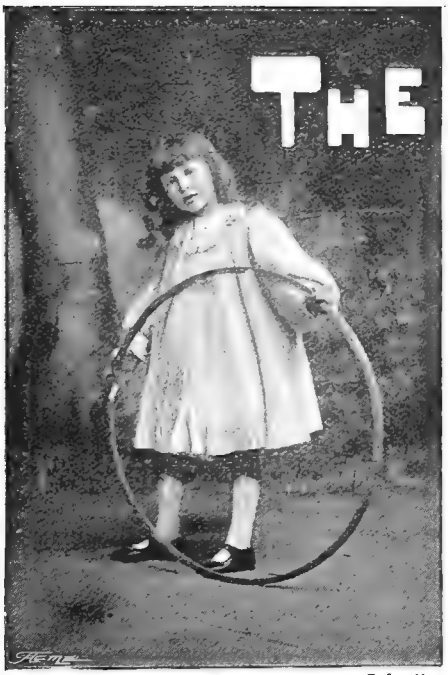


Photo by Lafayette.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Photography in Warfare.

Some little while ago I made a reference to the use of the camera in time of war. I am not referring so much to its use by special correspondents as by officers in the course of certain of their duties. I believe, for instance, that a camera is now an almost invariable portion of the outfit of a war-balloon.

This is not to be wondered at, for, accurate as may be the sketches and descriptions brought to the general-in-command by the officer in charge of the ascent, a photograph is more realistic, and, probably, more perfect in detail.

"Very deceiving, too," someone may suggest; and doubtless this is so. A mere photograph without the assistance of the man who took it, to act, as it were, as interpreter, would not be very reliable. No doubt, in addition to a camera fitted with the finest possible landscape lens there should be one with telescopic adjustment for tele-photography. With such an instrument a good picture may be obtained of a spot or group two miles off.

Cameras on Cycles.

Such cameras have, I believe, been provided for a certain number of the cyclist corps. The instruments are quite small, and fixed on to the handle bars. Like the rest of the machine, they are coloured the well-known kharki colour. Thus armed, such men must undoubtedly prove of great value as scouts.

Cyclists, in my unmilitary opinion, can never take the place of cavalry, and become, as the saying goes, the "eyes and ears" of the army. After all, a bicycle is limited with respect to the country over which it can travel. In dry weather the difficulties are lessened. It is wonderful what stony ground a machine will triumph over. But really heavy mud is beyond a bicycle. If the rain has merely churned the surface to a sort of pea-soup it is all right. But heavy, clogging mud is a bar to all substantial progress. However, this is not the place to discuss bicycles. Photography is the thing, and I shall be very eager to learn just exactly what

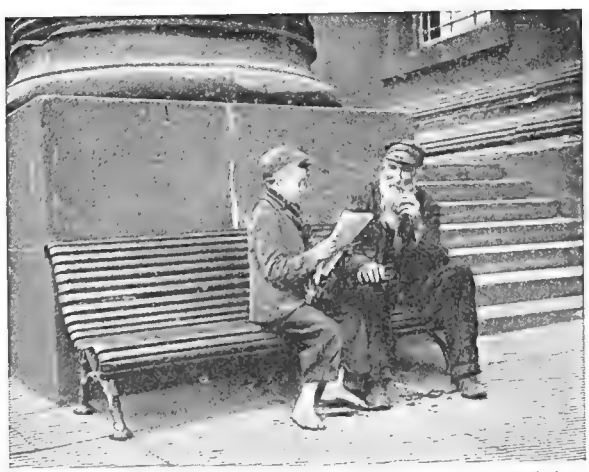


Photo by C. F. Inston.

Reading the latest War News.

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

Photo by J. M. Whitehead.

The Tormentor.

success has attended the telescopic camera in war time.

Biograph in War. I SEE that the biograph camera sent out by the syndicate in London is fitted for use with tele-photographic lenses. By this means a "moving picture" of an incident two miles distant can be taken.

The idea that a picture of a battle may be obtained is, of course, absurd. Battles cannot ever come within the limits of a picture. An incident may be photographed, or some small corner of the battlefield. Nowadays the area of country covered by two armies fighting each other is immense. The front of each opposing force would probably extend some fourteen or fifteen miles.

The range of the heavier guns is four miles, whilst that of some of the still larger ones extends up to eight miles. Nor is distance the only obstacle in the way of the photographer. Hills may rise between the battery and its target, and although you may fire over a hill, you cannot photograph over it. You can only take pictures of what you can see, and even then with considerable limitations.

Not but what the results of the enterprise shewn by the biograph people is certain to result in some deeply interesting pictures. At the same time I do not altogether envy the gentleman-in-charge his task. His equipment is cumbersome, and he will have many a difficulty to overcome.

Camera *v.* Artist. THE possession of a camera is now practically a necessity for a war correspondent. Not that the photographer will ever take the place of the artist. The ordinary hand-camera cannot possibly comprehend a wider sweep of country in the war than a man skilled in the use of the pencil can. Still, some very remarkable and very interesting photographs are being sent home, and I must confess that the art of the camera, if less comprehensive, is more convincing to me than the art of the artist. With limitations, it may be said that "the camera cannot lie." It only records what it sees. An artist can indulge in just so much licence as time may permit and his imagination suggest.

Photo by Lafayette.

Queen Mab.

Digitized by Google

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

THE MAIDEN'S REVERIE.

Google

Photographing the Wounded.

All the same, there seems to me to be some limitation of taste. I do think it is transgressing every good rule to snapshot poor wounded men and publish the results in the illustrated papers. It seems to me really a shocking thing. In the first place, it is pandering to the most morbid instincts of the reader. In the second place, I think a wounded soldier is deserving of more respect than to be snapshot.

Once admit this sort of thing, once encourage it into a regular custom, and there is no limit to the heartrending and horrible pictures that may be sent home and used. Just imagine the sort of thing we should have. "The effect of an explosive bullet," "The remains of a soldier shattered by a shell," "Carrying off a soldier with both legs shattered," etc., etc.

Photo by Count Luigi Primoli.

King Humbert at the head of his troops.

Ugh! It is too horrible, and public opinion ought to come down like a Nasmyth hammer and condemn it.

Photo by J. M. Bothgate.

Steps.

Photographing Snow Scenes.

Winter is the time of snow, and very beautiful snowclad scenery is. In a sense it is as easy—or as difficult—to photograph a snow scene as a midsummer landscape. There are certain conditions that require to be observed, however, and one or two hints may not come amiss.

Of course, the composition of the picture has to be thought out, and the elementary rules that must guide every artist in selecting a scene must be remembered.

There should be something to break the foreground. But in a snowscape anything big or prominent must be avoided. Moreover, the object should be light of colour. Any dark upright affair will turn the picture when finished into a hard black and white effect, and will destroy the softness that is so great a charm in a snow scene. The inequalities of the

Digitized by Google

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

YOUNG BACCHUS.

Google

Photo by Semoss.

A FAIR AMERICAN COUSIN.

immediate foreground caused by big ruts will prove excellent in the direction of breaking up the monotony of a picture.

A small stop should be used, and a slow plate, if possible well backed. The actual length of exposure must, of course, depend

Google

on circumstances, such as the brightness of the light and the rapidity of the plate.

Very great care, however, must be taken in developing not to allow the negative to become too dense. Otherwise, the snow comes out simply as a patch of unbroken white, instead of possessing a distinct texture. The negative should be very transparent, and thus enable every slight detail of shade on the snow to come out and lend it life and reality.

A Unique Collection. THE most beautiful series of snow photographs I have ever seen are those of a friend of mine, whose absorbing hobby is the camera. Very comfortably off, and without any ties to keep him at home, this fortunate individual spends all his days with a magnificent camera. He is a very skilled artist, and his albums contain one of the most wonderful private collections of photographs in the world. There are portraits of almost every human race and scenes from every country under the sun.

But the snow photographs beat everything. Of course, Niagara forms the chief item; but the pictures of Niagara are such as I have never seen elsewhere — all manner of odd nooks never taken before, yet surpassingly beautiful. It is from this lucky person that the above hints as to snow-photography have been gathered.

Reflections. I SUPPOSE every amateur who has endeavoured to photograph still-life studies that include very bright objects, has been more or less worried with reflections, or points of high light.

Cut-glass or polished plate and such-like articles are studded or patched with bright gleams that invariably spoil a photograph. Yet if their surface can be dulled a satisfactory picture can easily be taken.

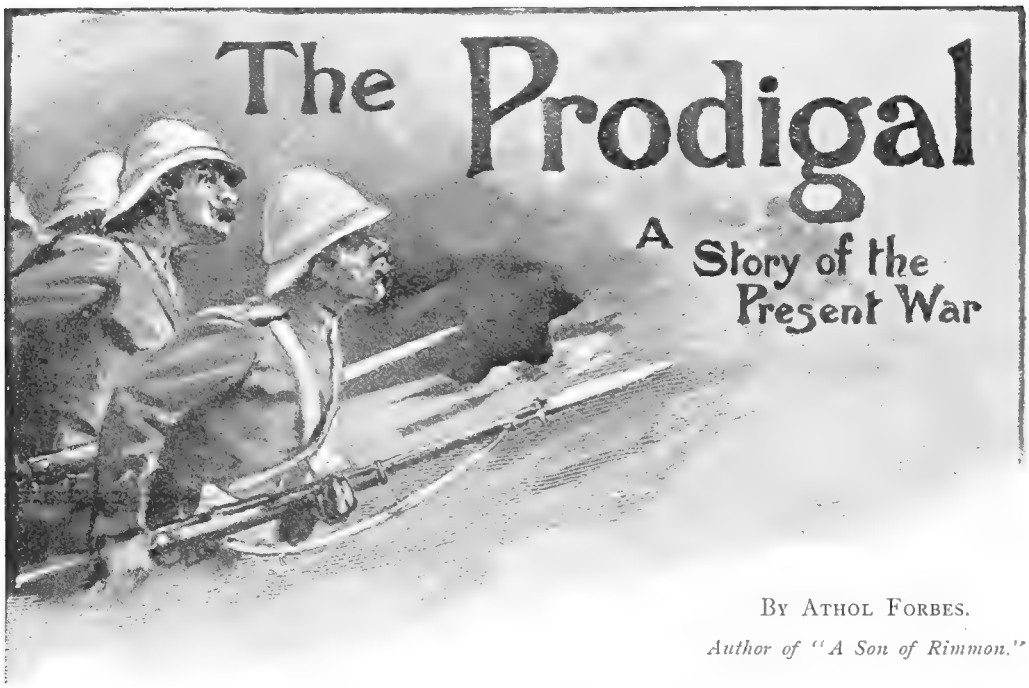
The simplest method, perhaps, of overcoming the high lights on a glass or metal vase is by frosting its surface. For this purpose damp the floor of the studio. This renders the air moist. Then when you have carefully focussed the vase, drop into it a bit of ice. Immediately the vessel will be chilled and the damp air of the room condensing on it, the surface will grow dull. You must be prompt in your work, for if you wait too long the moisture will commence to trickle down the sides.

Another method of treating glass or polished metal is by taking a piece of fairly hard putty and dabbing it over the surface. It will easily wash off afterwards.

Photo by C. Geniaux.

Arabs celebrating the Spring Festival.

Google



By Athol Forbes.

Author of "A Son of Rimmon."

He stood among the crowd watching the men as they landed from the transport. It was his old regiment. His face was deathly pale, the muscles of which twitched every now and again with suppressed emotion. There arose on each side of him the sound of cheering. How he would have loved to have joined in, but not a sound came from the tightly compressed, bloodless lips.

As each company landed it marched at once to the train, the engine of which kept up an incessant hum as if instinct with life and eager to start. Six years ago—it seemed ages to the outcast—Dick Raines was an officer in this regiment, but limited means, an expensive mess, cards, and drink—well, no need to go into further detail. He was not the first who, under a cloud, has sought another country.

In some men troubles brace them up to renewed effort, but poor Raines had gone steadily down. He had been an insurance agent; then he travelled with books; he became a potman; finally he was a casual porter, picking up a few shillings as best he could.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

How greedily his eyes followed his old comrades in arms. Had he not trained them for this? He wondered whether they would recognize his voice if he sang out an order. Men whom he had known as recruits were now bustling non-coms. Suddenly the light came into his eyes, and he touched an officer on the arm. His old comrade swung round sharply, and looked for a second at the gaunt, starved man, whose clothes, never made for him, hung upon his framework of bones like a collapsed parachute. He coloured beneath the haughty scrutiny of his former subaltern.

"Good God! Raines, is that you?"

There was no hesitation about the hand that went out to him with the strong grip of a warm love. There was no time for questions, nor would Major Riddle have asked any. The two men looked into each other's faces, and understood without words.

"Come on board the train," the officer said to his ruined comrade. "We'll manage it somehow. We are ordered to go straight to the front, fortunately.

"He's a reserve man," he said to the sergeant, "and is coming as an extra servant to me. Rig him out at the first opportunity."

Once more at the station, just before the train started, there was an opportunity for exchanging a few words.

"Riddle," he whispered hoarsely, "if I pull through you can let it be known, but if I fail—"

"All right, old man—wish you luck; you have had sufficient of the other thing," the major replied.

The derelict of society turned away; but already there was a change in the man. He

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

was no longer a drifting wreck; there was an elasticity in his step, a brightness in his eye; he had pulled himself together. In a few seconds he was as hard at work as any man.

A good meal put fresh life into him. He listened to the rough banter of the men, and drank in all they said greedily as they talked of the demonstration at Waterloo when they left London, and of what they meant to do for the Boers when they got a chance.

"Isn't there a pipe for Pepper and Salt?" said a youth as the train started.

This reference to Raines's seedy tweed suit tickled his companions, but a pipe was speedily forthcoming with plenty of tobacco, and he did not mind what they called him. He was only too thankful to escape the miseries of the last seven years; only too glad at the prospect of a chance to redeem his honour.

For a while the damning piece of paper—the cutting from the "Gazette" that had told the public that Her Majesty had no further need of his services—was forgotten. For seven long years without intermission it had scorched and blistered his memory like a living coal; now for the moment he had peace from the tormenting flame of a real hell.

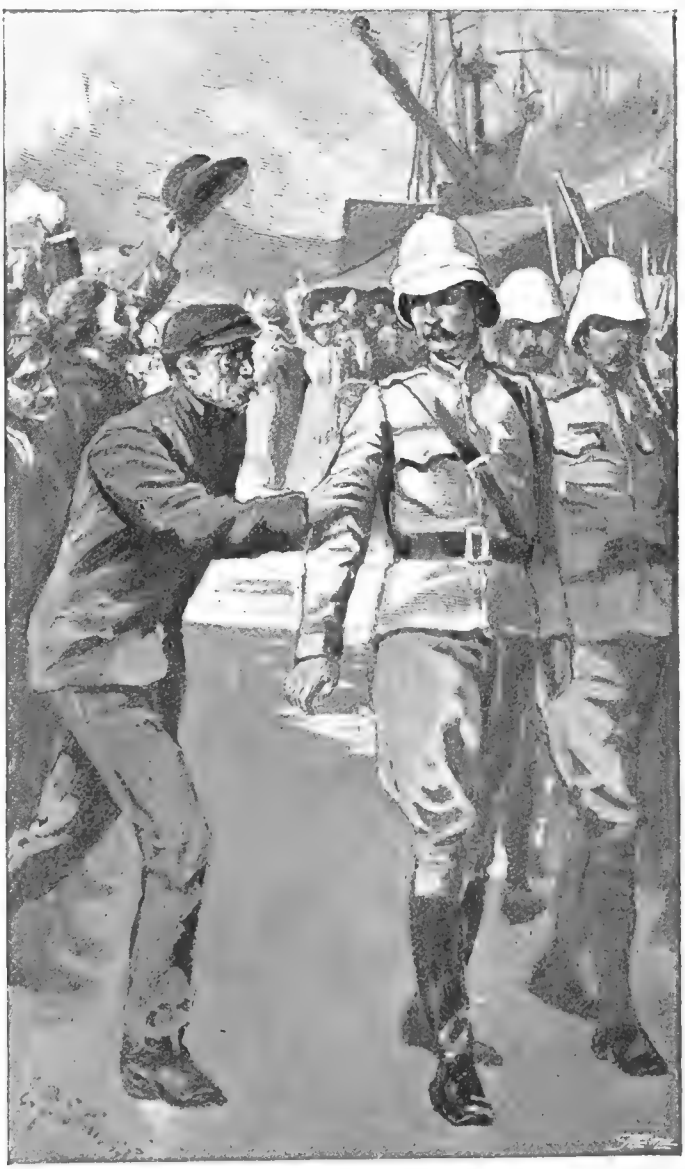
The very first station at which they stopped for the engine to replenish its supply of water, they received the news that the Boer ultimatum was officially confirmed, and that the Transvaal troops had crossed into Natal.

"God help the Boers," shouted the excited bystanders as they looked at the men eager for the fray. From the papers Raines learnt that they were to join General White's column and that it was generally expected that they would be among the first attacked.

In camp, "Pepper and Salt," as he was generally called, was among the most popular of the men. An eager light shone in his eyes, and, in gratitude for the chance placed within his grasp, he could not do sufficient.

"Don't kill yourself, Raines," said the Major one day. "You have plenty of work to do yet and it will be warm work when it comes."

The night before the fight at Glencoe they shook hands once more in the privacy of the Major's tent.



His old comrade swung round and looked for a second at the gaunt, starved man.

Digitized by Google

In a few seconds he is grappling with the second gun.

Digitized by Google

"——And my mother, Riddle. You will see her and tell her all—if I pull it off."

A pressure of the hand was the only reply.

That night all slept at their posts, ready to spring up at a moment's notice. The men were eager but more serious, recognising the grim work before them on the morrow. Raines was restless. It was with an exclamation of delight that he saw a faint streak of light in the East. Presently the sergeant awakened them with a rough order to fall into rank.

As the light in the East grew brighter, a body of men started their march forward, and, as the sun showed itself, the business of the day began. A mist surrounds them, but the booming of the big guns and the harsh growl of the smaller ordnance tells that the fight has begun. As the sun gains power the mist lifts, and puffs of smoke dot the enemy's position; but no order is yet given to the regiment to fire. Presently there is the zip, zip, of the Mauser bullets. A man who marched beside Raines falls dead; then suddenly the intermittent firing gives place to a continuous rattle, and bullets go spat, spat, into the earth; and many find a fatal mark.

The captain halts his company as the zone of fire is reached, and the regiment begins to advance alternately in squads, rushing from one bit of shelter to another. One line then lies down and fires, while the other makes a dash; so the distance to the murderous guns is lessened every three or four minutes. The company in which Raines found himself was well to the front; and behind, the supports, on coming up, deploy into squads, and advance in skirmishing order. Each time they fall to the earth Raines gnaws his moustache with impatience. They are getting nearer.

"Do not expose yourself so much," sings out a lieutenant to Raines. The next second the officer falls on his face, with a bullet through his head.

"All right, lads. We will be among them with the cold steel in a second or two now. Don't be too impatient," Major Riddle shouts, as another officer drops, and a few spring up as it to rush the enemy.

Major Riddle stands up and looks back at the advancing battalions, gives a nod of satisfaction, and crouches down again.

When the reserves get up Raines knows that there will be a volley, and then the whole line will rush in with a mad yell.

"Steady, lads, steady," shouts the colonel, who is one of the "come on" officers. Men are falling quickly, and their comrades are anxious to do the final rush, and more than one is forcibly held down by his fellows. They are within a hundred or so yards now of the enemy. Raines has got complete mastery over himself. Once more he feels an officer and a gentleman. The colonel notices this. "You look to these men," he cries, indicating the fragment of a company that had lost its officers. "You know the work in hand. They must be kept quiet until the line is formed for the final volley and charge."

"Keep down, keep down, men," shouts Raines to his new charge, "and we shall be in first. Meanwhile, pump in the lead." His stentorian tones ring out clearly in the maddening roar and rattle of the battle.

"Fix bayonets!" What a relief this order means! The squads are swinging into line—a few seconds for the panting men who made the last rush. Two sharp, angry volleys rattle out—then without another word, the line springs forward and nothing can withstand its deadly impetus. The charge becomes a race. "On, Fusiliers!" shouts someone, and all are plunged in smoke. They are plucky men behind those earthworks, and they continue to pour on a murderous fire. Major Riddle is close on the heels of Raines—they have outstripped the rest and are among the gunners. Raines has kept intact the contents of a revolver. He leaps upon a gun which determined men are about to fire, but its last bolt was never hurled against England. Each shot in Raine's revolver goes with deadly aim. Then the adjacent piece is discharged and sweeps into eternity the men who were behind him. In a few seconds he is grappling with the second gun.

"Bravo! 'Pepper and Salt'—bawls a fusilier clubbing right and left with his rifle.

"That beggar shall have the V.C. By Heaven! he shall," shouts the colonel as he cuts and thrusts in the hell that reigns around him. There breaks out a roar that only English throats can give as the Boers are sent in headlong flight down the other side of the hill, hotly pursued. The battle is won.

"We must find him, Riddle," said the colonel as they came back from the pursuit. If ever a man deserved the V.C. he does."

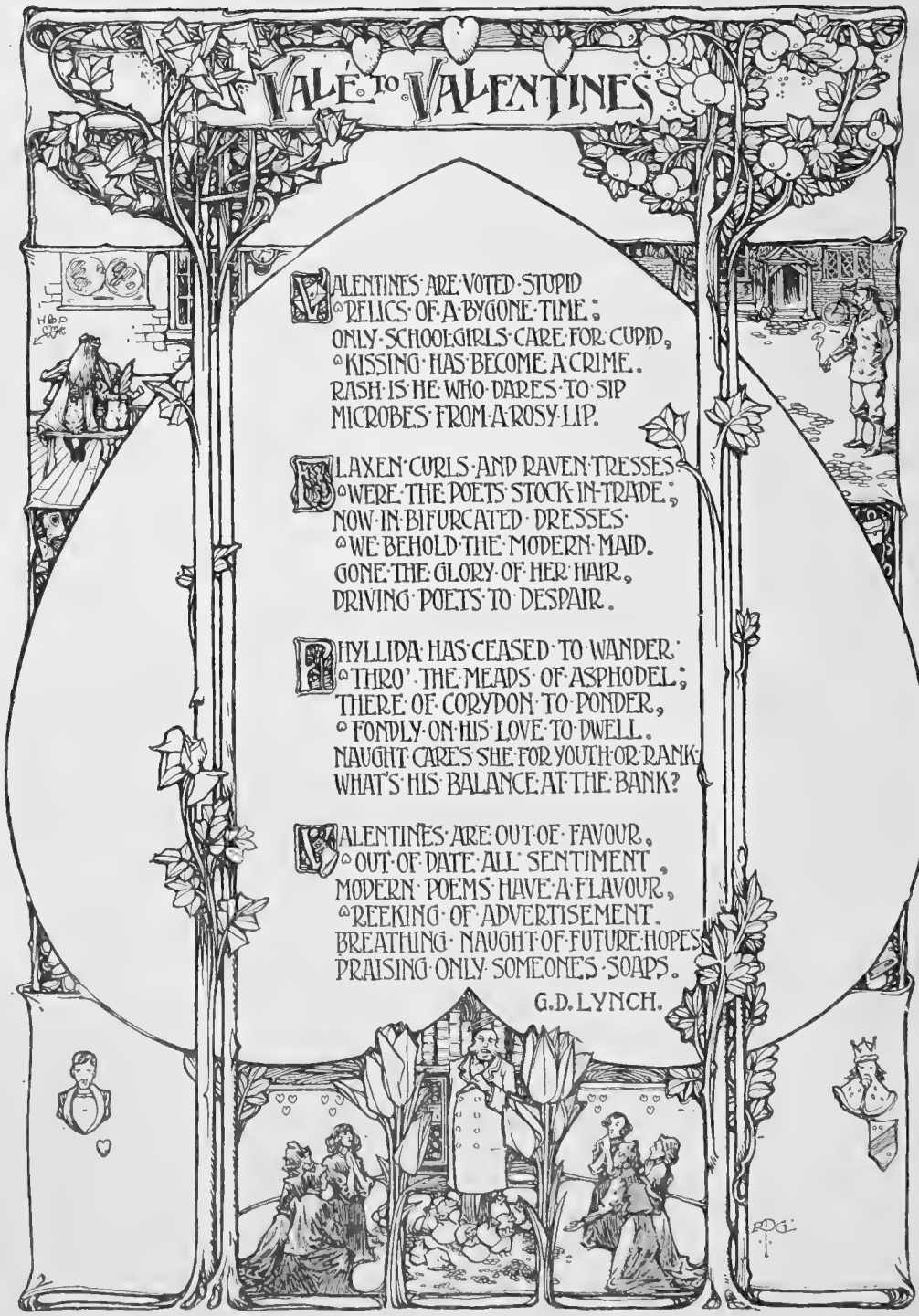
They found him amid a heap of slain—or what was left of him, for the Unseen Hand had gathered his spirit into that haven where war is not, and brave spirits are at rest.

The colonel bent down and gazed on the white, upturned face of the dead.

"God in Heaven! it's poor——"

"Yes; he wanted a chance, and he wants us to write to his mother."

Google


VALE TO VALENTINES
VALENTINES ARE VOTED STUPID
RELICS OF A BYGONE TIME;
ONLY SCHOOLGIRLS CARE FOR CUPID,
KISSING HAS BECOME A CRIME.
RASH IS HE WHO DARES TO SIP
MICROBES FROM A ROSY LIP.
FLAXEN CURLS AND RAVEN TRESSES
WERE THE POETS STOCK IN-TRADE;
NOW IN BIFURCATED DRESSES
WE BEHOLD THE MODERN MAID.
GONE THE GLORY OF HER HAIR,
DRIVING POETS TO DESPAIR.
PHYLLIDA HAS CEASED TO WANDER
THRO' THE MEADS OF ASPHODEL;
THERE OF CORYDON TO PONDER,
FONDLY ON HIS LOVE TO DWELL.
NAUGHT CARES SHE FOR YOUTH OR RANK
WHAT'S HIS BALANCE AT THE BANK?
VALENTINES ARE OUT OF FAVOUR,
OUT OF DATE ALL SENTIMENT,
MODERN POEMS HAVE A FLAVOUR,
REEKING OF ADVERTISEMENT.
BREATHING NAUGHT OF FUTURE HOPES
PRAISING ONLY SOMEONE'S SOAPS.
G.D. LYNCH.

Google

By Reginald Maingay.

Women are always the chief sufferers in war-time; and there is one woman in England for whom war has a unique and, even though none of her immeditate relatives may be engaged in the actual fighting, a sterner and more tragic meaning than for any other. I allude to the Queen. We have most of us lived under Queen Victoria's rule as long as we remember, and we all know that Her Majesty's love for her people is only equalled by her people's love for their Queen. But the Queen, like many another fond parent and sovereign, has her favourites, and one favourite in particular—her soldier. Since her accession, it may be said, her soldier has been the apple of her eye, and when he is in any way imperilled, her peace of mind is gone, she can think of nothing else, she has temporally lost all enjoyment of life. A mother is hardly more pained when she hears the death of her son, than the Queen when she is told the heavy casualties of the battlefield.

Her Majesty as she appeared when reviewing the Troops at Windsor, Sept. 17th, 1838.

The last few months have been heavy ones at Windsor. Only those who are constantly about her know how deeply this present war has affected her Majesty. She can talk of little else, and will sit brooding and grieving for hours at the thought of all that her soldiers are going through in South Africa. It is more difficult to distract her mind than in former years, and the *entourage* of the Court hoped last year that the Emperor of Germany's visit might have a cheering effect; but although she managed to put on a cheerful front at dinner parties and receptions, in private her only thoughts and her only words were concerning the men at the front.

As I mentioned above, this affection for the Army is of old standing, and since the earliest years of her reign the Queen was ever the most passionate sympathiser with the soldiers in battle, and the most enthusiastic onlooker at any military parade or spectacle. Her Majesty, as is well known, was an excellent rider in her younger days, and never appeared to such advantage as when on horseback. It was thus that she witnessed the first really notable military spectacle of her reign.

On the 16th of July, 1838, a grand military review took place in Hyde Park in

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

the presence of the Queen. Those old antagonists, the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Soult, were present, together with nearly all Her Majesty's Ministers, and a vast crowd of spectators. The troops on the ground comprised, in cavalry: the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, the 10th Hussars, and the 12th Lancers; in infantry: the Grenadier Guards and Scots Fusiliers, together with a Rifle Brigade and three batteries of Field Artillery. After the young Queen, Marshal Soult got the most enthusiastic reception, the English cheered their gallant old foe as his own nation had never cheered him.

Her Majesty the Queen, mounted on a black charger, reviewing her Guards in Hyde Park on July 16th, 1838.

A few months later the Queen reviewed the Royal Horse Guards, the 10th Hussars, and the Grenadier Guards in the Little Park, Windsor. She wore the Windsor uniform, with a badge and ribbon of the Order of the Garter. She was accompanied by King Leopold, Lord Hill, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Palmerston.

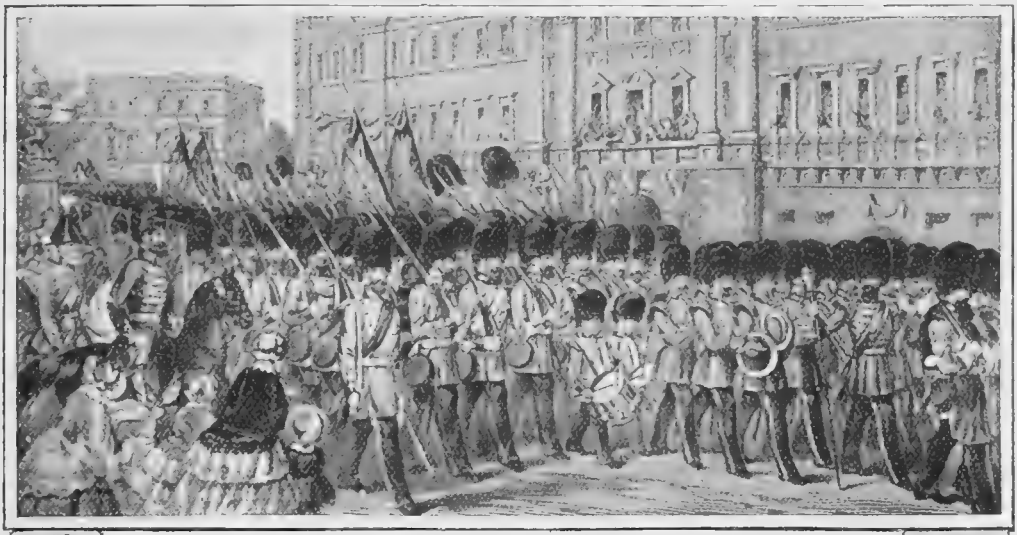
Another illustration shows a fine review in Windsor Park some years later. On the Queen's right hand rides the Duke of Wellington, on her left Prince Albert, and the little Prince of Wales, mounted on a white pony, is to be seen in the foreground of the picture.

In the summer of 1853 an experimental camp was established at Chobham for the purpose of manœuvering, and the operations began in the presence of the Queen, who, mounted on a beautiful black horse, was accompanied by Prince Albert, the King of Hanover, and the Duke of Coburg. In the autumn of the following year similar manœuvres on a larger scale took place at Aldershot, when the Queen, the Prince Consort and other members of the Royal Family were among the spectators.

When one reads of the Queen's conduct to the sick and wounded during this lamentable war, one ceases to wonder, even in these democratic days, at the almost unparallelled devotion of the British people for its Sovereign. Not only was she indefatigable in visiting the various hospitals, and cheering the sufferers with word and smile, but she used all available spare time in working with her own hands to help Miss Nightingale and other noble

The first review at which the Prince of Wales, as a boy, was present.

Google



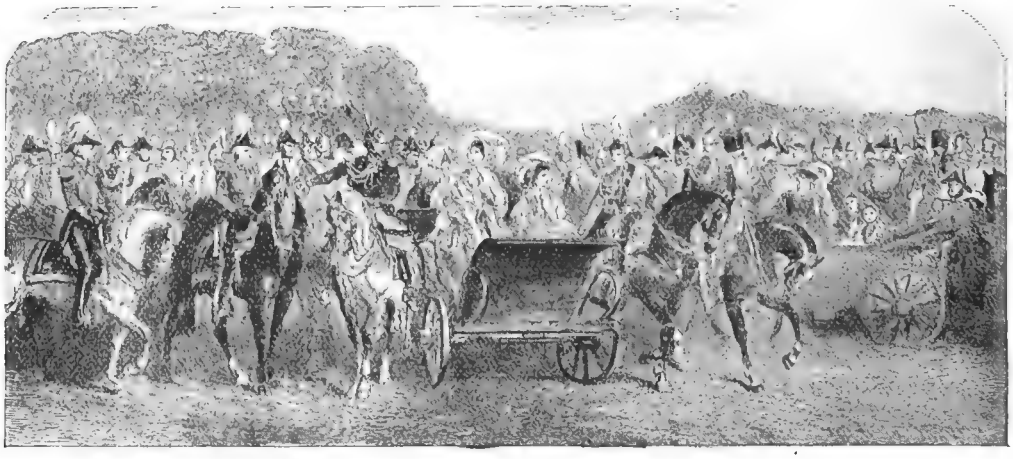
The Guards from the Crimea passing before the Queen at Buckingham Palace on their way to Hyde Park, July 9th, 1856.

women in their arduous and self-imposed task of mitigating the sufferings of the army during the dreadful winter of 1855. Her state of mind throughout the whole war was one of intense compassion. Many old *habitués* of the Court still tell us, how she frequently paced about the room, the tears streaming down her cheeks, and ejaculating "Oh, my poor soldiers! my poor soldiers!"

On her first visit to the military hospital at Fort Pitt and Brompton, near Chatham, she was accompanied by Prince Albert and two of her sons. All the convalescent and those whose wounds permitted them to walk about were ranged on the lawn

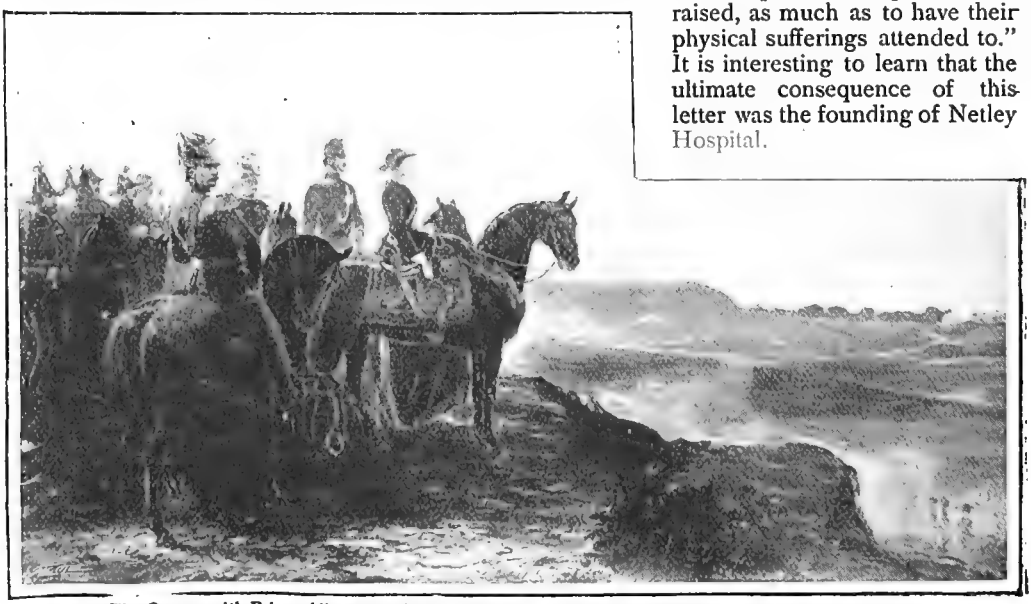
The Queen receiving the wounded Guards from the Crimea in the Grand Hall at Buckingham Palace, March, 1855.

Digitized by Google



The Queen's second visit to Chobham Camp in 1853.

before the hospital, each man bearing a card with his name on it, and a brief description of his services. To almost all of them the Queen managed to say something kind and rememberable. In the hospital she went from bed to bed, bringing light everywhere, and next day the newspapers reported, as newspapers are wont to report, that the Queen expressed the utmost satisfaction as to the treatment and accommodation of the patients. As a matter of fact the Queen was dissatisfied with almost everything she saw, as the letter she wrote two days later to Lord Panmure conclusively proves; and it shows, moreover, that her visit was not merely a visit of form, but one of inspection—a visit, the purpose of which was to assure herself that her soldiers were treated as men deserved who had been wounded in the preservation of their country's honour. "The buildings are bad," she writes; "the wards are more like prisons than hospitals, and the windows so high that no one can look out of them. Most of the wards are small with hardly space to walk between the beds." Serviceable, and above all, comfortable military hospitals must, she says, be built without delay. "These poor men require their spirits to be raised, as much as to have their physical sufferings attended to." It is interesting to learn that the ultimate consequence of this letter was the founding of Netley Hospital.



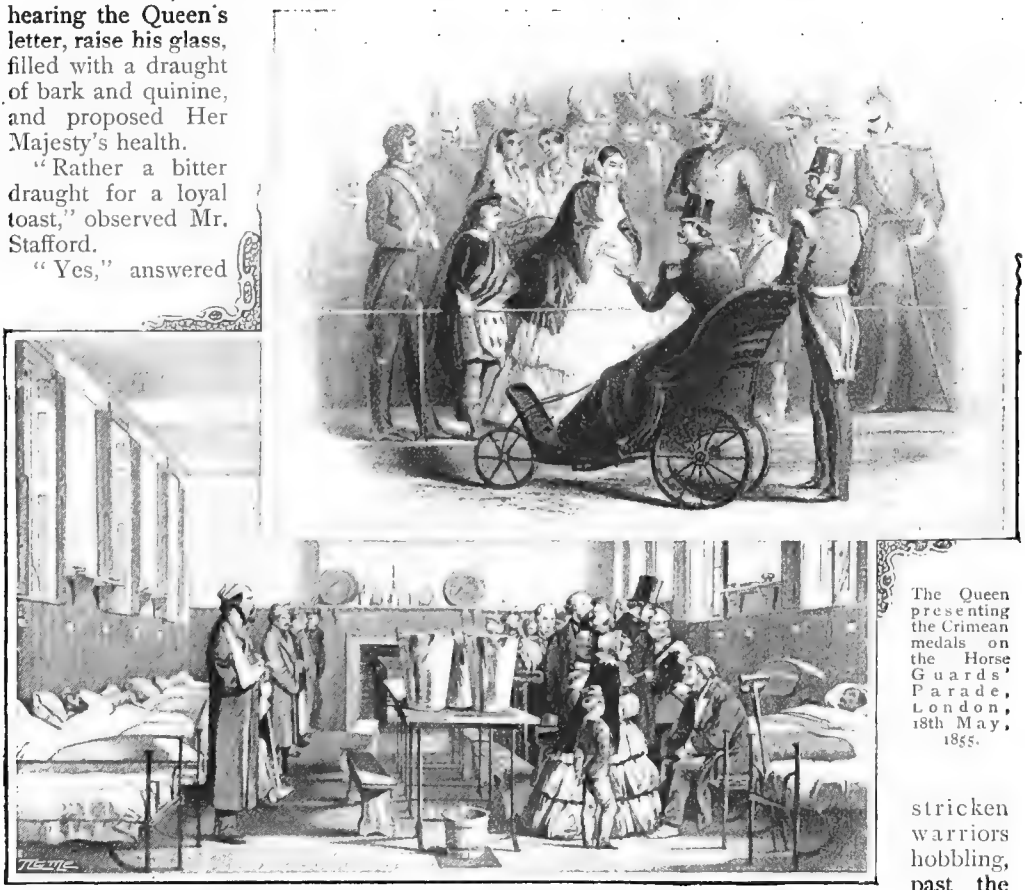
The Queen, with Prince Albert, watching the military manœuvres at Aldershot in the autumn of 1854.

Google

The appalling hardships which the Army endured in consequence of the severe cold of 1855 and the recklessly bad management of the commissariat, moved the Queen to write a letter of protest and commiseration to the Commander-in-Chief. This letter was read to the soldiers, and its every word sunk deep in their hearts. Mr. Augustus Stafford told in the House of Commons how he had seen a wounded man, after hearing the Queen's letter, raise his glass, filled with a draught of bark and quinine, and proposed Her Majesty's health.

"Rather a bitter draught for a loyal toast," observed Mr. Stafford.

"Yes," answered the man, "and but for those words of the Queen I couldn't have got it down."

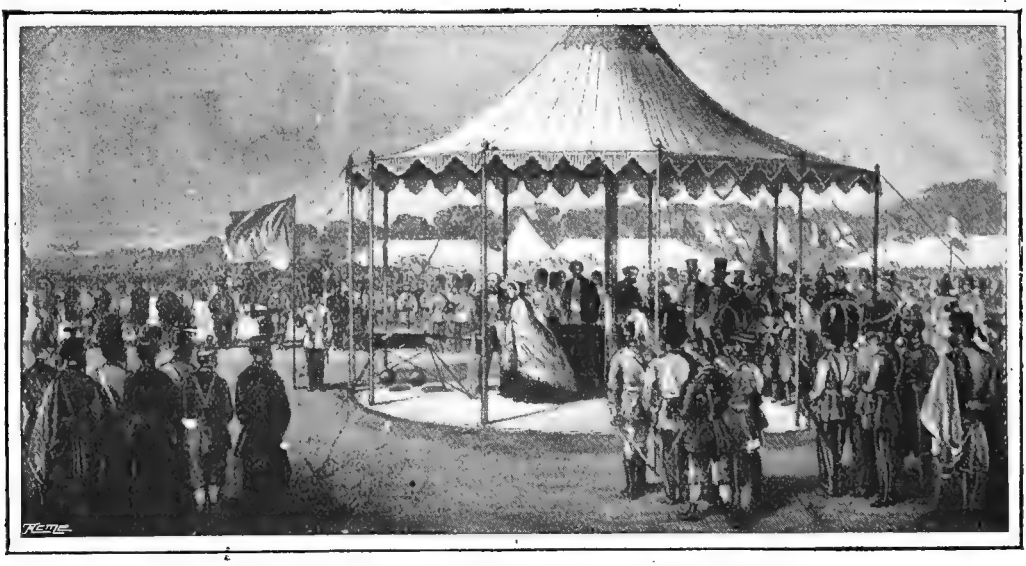


The Queen and Prince Albert visiting the wounded soldiers of the Crimean Army at Brompton Hospital, Chatham, 1854.

The Queen presenting the Crimean medals on the Horse Guards' Parade, London, 18th May, 1855.

It was during the Crimean War that the Queen first presented medals with her own hand to the troops that had returned home disabled. On the 18th of May, 1855, a royal daïs or platform was erected in the centre of the Horse Guards' parade ground, and before it an enclosed space where stood the wounded heroes from the Crimea. The whole Royal Family were grouped on the daïs, and the soldiers who were to be decorated passed in single file before the Queen. An officer standing beside the Queen received from each battered warrior a card with his name and a brief record of his gallant services, and handed it on to the Queen. To every man she presented a medal and said a few kindly and grateful words. All who were present declare the ceremony to have been deeply pathetic and impressive — the long procession of stricken warriors hobbling, past the little lady on the daïs — some with bandage heads, some with mutilated limbs, some supported on crutches, or leaning heavily on thick walking-sticks. No distinction of rank was observed, the Duke of Cambridge and Sir T. Troubridge coming forward to receive their rewards in precisely the same manner as the humblest private. Sir T. Troubridge had had both his feet shot away in the battle of Inkermann, and was consequently unable to leave his chair. When giving him his medal, the Queen bent over him and

Google



The Queen firing the first shot at Wimbledon rifle ranges, July 12nd, 1860.

whispered that she would make him one of her aides-de-camp.

"I am now amply repaid for everything," he replied.

"Noble fellows!" writes the Queen to King Leopold, shortly after the event. "I feel as if they were my own children, and my heart beats for them as for my nearest and dearest."

Sir John Gilbert has painted a very fine picture of Her Majesty's reception at Buckingham Palace of the Crimean Guards. The contrast between the great battered warriors —observe how some of them are not even able to stand in the royal presence—and the unpretentious, yet stately little lady, whom each man would gladly die for, is very impressive and pathetic.

After the Crimean war, the medal in reward of personal bravery—the Victoria Cross—was first presented. Characteristically it had never dawned on the English soldier that such a medal was desirable and necessary. Indeed many, and prominent among them Sir Colin Campbell, were averse to the idea. "Why," expostulated that gallant old fire-eater, "you might as well decorate a woman for being chaste as an English soldier for being brave!" However, the nation as a whole approve of the innovation, and in a great and splendid ceremony at Hyde Park, on the 26th of June, 1857, the Queen distributed the first Victoria Crosses among the heroes of the Crimean war.

On the 8th of July, 1856, the Queen was present at Aldershot at a magnificent review of Crimean troops. Among those present, beside the Royal Family, were the King of the Belgians and Prince Oscar of Sweden. It was a phenomenal day, in spite of the weather, which had for once dealt badly with its Royal favourite. The climax, the grand finale, so to speak, of the review was when the troops formed in three sides of a square round the Queen and her *cortège*. The officers of each regiment detached themselves from the main body, and accompanied by four men of each company, stepped up to Her Majesty's carriage. Then the Queen, standing, addressed them in words of praise and thanks. She had hardly ceased when the whole parade was as though electrified with loyal enthusiasm. Shouting "God save the Queen!" the soldiers flung up their bearskins and helmets into the air, and far and near the spectators joined wildly in the demonstration.

The next day—and how dead beat the Queen must have been after these successive reviews!—the Guards and Highlanders made a triumphant entry into Hyde Park, marching past Her Majesty, in Buckingham Palace, while the crowd yelled in wild enthusiasm. Says Lord Malmesbury: "They marched past in fours preceded by their colonels on horseback and their bands, in heavy marching order. Certainly they looked as if they had done work; their uniforms were shabby, many having lost almost all colour, their bearskins were quite brown,

Digitized by Google

and they themselves, poor fellows, though they seemed happy, and were laughing as they marched along, were very thin and worn."

The year 1860 was an eventful one in that it practically gave birth to that venerated body, the Volunteer Force. It was a feeling of animosity against, and growing mistrust of, France, that gave impetus to this movement —France, our staunch ally in a great war only five years back! The French Emperor had become exceedingly unpopular; it was clear to all England that he was ambitious of extending the French frontiers, and very anxious to pick a quarrel with his neighbours. To spur on the volunteer movement, Tennyson published in the *Times* a set of verses, which gave voice to the general feeling of the day, and especially the following lines:

"Form! be ready to do or die!
Form! in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True, that we have a faithful ally,
But only the Devil knows what he means."

Finally on the 23rd of June a great volunteer review was held in Hyde Park, and attended by no less than 20,000 volunteers from all parts of England. The Queen was present, accompanied by the Prince Consort and other members of the Royal Family. Lord Malmesbury describes the memorable event as follows: "I went to Mr. Disraeli's house to see the sight, which was very fine. The enthusiasm of the men and spectators exceeded all description. The volunteers went through their evolutions with the greatest steadiness and precision, and at the final advance in line, when they halted within a short distance of the Queen, and their bands had ceased playing, they raised a cheer that might be heard for miles. The Queen was quite overcome, and I saw many people the same."

At the commencement of the following month was held the first meeting at Wimbledon Common of that yet more important body, the National Rifle Association. In an accompanying illustration the Queen is shown firing off the first rifle. So skilfully had this rifle been adjusted by Sir Joseph Whitworth, the famous inventor and armourer, that Her Majesty's shot hit the bull's-eye at 400 yards to the vast delight of the soldiers and spectators. It is interesting to know that the

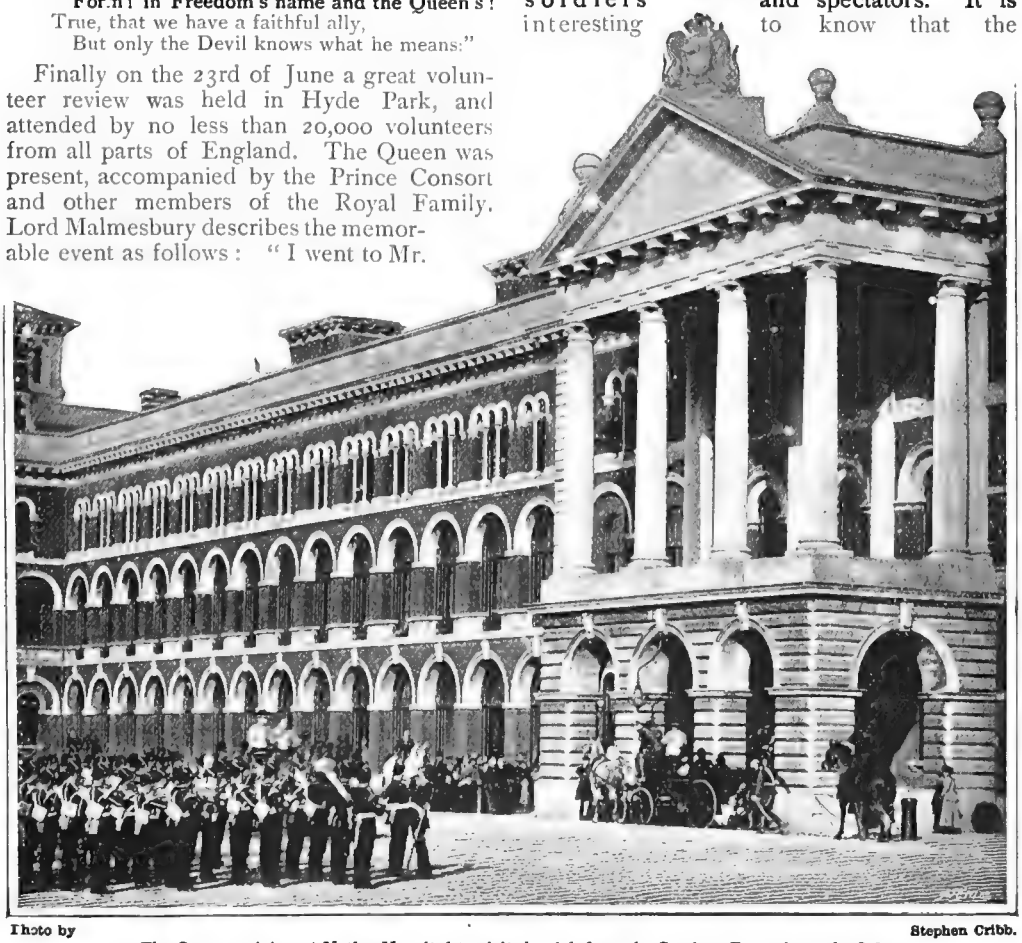


Photo by Stephen Cribb.

The Queen arriving at Netley Hospital to visit the sick from the Soudan, December 3rd, 1898.

Google

first Queen's Prize was won by a Mr. Edward Ross, of the 7th North York Rifles, who scored twenty-four points out of sixty, the greatest possible number.

On the 8th of May, 1863, the Queen paid a visit—her first visit, I believe—to Netley Hospital. She arrived quite unexpectedly—by design, I suspect—one can well imagine Her Majesty stooping to little plots when the comfort of her soldiers was concerned—and went thoroughly over the whole building, visiting ward after ward, and penetrating even into the married men's quarters. She conversed with many of the sufferers and made enquiries of the officials as to their various ailments. She got the husbands to tell her about their families, and satisfied herself as to their comfort and well-being. A pathetic incident happened as she was taking her leave. One of the men who was dying, and in whom she had particularly interested herself, exclaimed in broken accents, "I thank God that He has allowed me to live long enough to see your Majesty with my own eyes!"

Her Majesty's most famous visit to Netley Hospital on December 3rd, 1898, is the subject of our frontispiece—her visit, in company with Lord Kitchener, to those wounded in the splendid victory that finally broke the Mahdi's power and avenged the murder of General Gordon. All the patients who were well enough to move had been formed up on either side of the corridor to receive the Queen, who in her wheeled chair passed them with kindly smiles of welcome. There were no less than 801 soldiers in the hospital at the time, 215 of whom had been wounded at the front. The Queen showed especial kindness to the sick of the gallant 21st Lancers, and bestowed two medals with her own hand, while the Sirdar presented Egyptian medals to 180 men who had fought at Atbara and Khartoum

WAR IN THE PLAYGROUND.

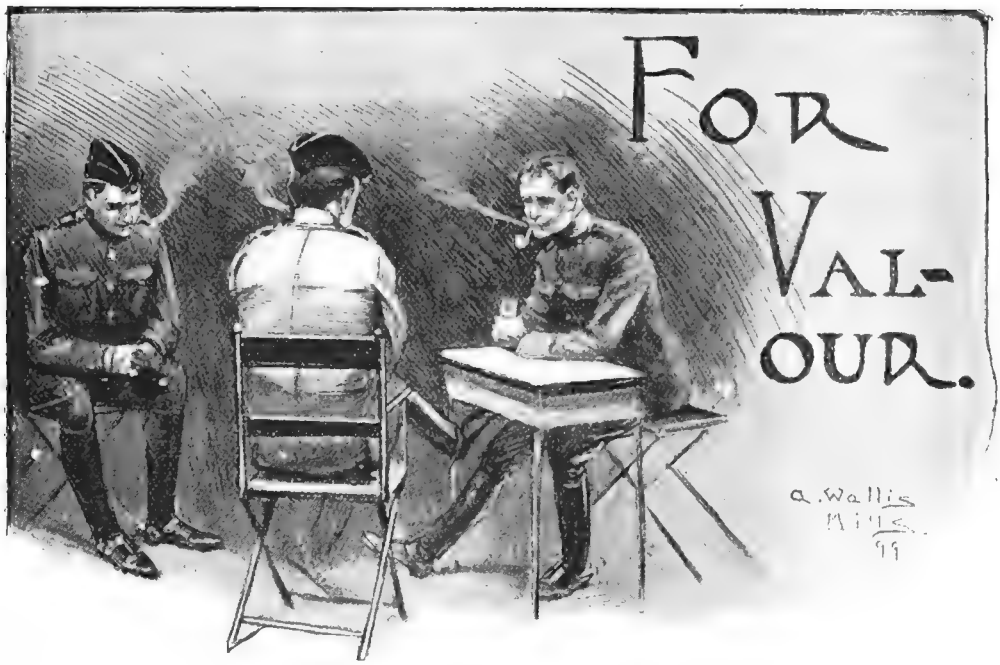
"BRITON OR BOER?" is now the common challenge of schoolboys in the British playground. In times of peace the warlike challenges used to be "Cavalier or Roundhead?" and "French or English?" but, of course, to-day they have undergone a change. "Briton or Boer?" is the cry, and woe to the reckless youth who has the temerity to declare himself on the side of "Krooger"!

I suppose that in almost every country under the sun, civilised or uncivilised, this playing at war is the most popular game of boyhood; in Japan, at all events, it is carried on with an ardour that far surpasses the mimic warfare of our western schools. The warriors of either camp—the Chinese and the Japanese—are dressed in peculiar and distinguishing garb, and armed with heavy cudgels. The signal is given and the battle begins, and so fiercely is it waged that not only does blood pour profusely, but combatants are not infrequently disabled and stunned. The accompanying illustration is a unique snap-shot of such a battle in full swing. Plucky little Japs! there is true fighting blood in their veins without a doubt. The Chinaman found this out to his cost a few years ago, and other nations greater than the Chinese are not at all unlikely to find it out in the near future. I have heard an ominous rumour that the two camps in the Japanese playground are no longer Chinese and Japanese, but Japanese and Russian. Let the white northern colossus beware!

Copyright Stereo Photo of Underwood & Underwood.

Japanese Schoolboys Playing at War.

Digitized by Google



By Huan Mee.

I.

"Of course, I know. It's that cub Hamilton."

The girl started to her feet and looked down with scorn at the man, who still kept his seat.

"That cub Hamilton," he repeated fiercely. "I was a fool to speak to you."

"What do you mean, Colonel Graham?" she asked coldly.

"Who should know better than you?" and he impatiently twisted his iron-grey moustache. "Who should know better than you, who have so skilfully led me on until, in a fool's paradise, I fancied that you, a child compared with me, thought a little more of me than a friend. I, who have never bothered a snap of the fingers about a woman for over twenty years, thought that you had grown to care for me. You, a child! Curse me for a fool! The woman-hater converted—and rejected!"

Only a sigh from the girl broke the silence.

"Played the fool with like a boy," he cried angrily. "Led on skilfully, inch by inch, until all has been gained, and then you retreat, smiling because a man, one whom you, in the springtide of youth, would call old, has loved you and been refused—has loved you and been scorned."

"Not scorned," she cried, laying her hand on his, and the dimness in her eyes became a tear upon her cheek—"I did not know, I did not understand."

"You did not know?" he answered, rising impatiently, and catching her slender wrists in his grasp. "For two weeks we have been thrown constantly into one another's society. You have left other men, younger men, more fascinating men than I, and sought your pleasures next to me. You have walked with me, and the only one you seemed to favour was myself. Is that so, or not?"

"Yes."

"You have given me, an old man, more of your smiles than all the others put together. Is that so, or not?"

"Yes."

"You have led me to believe that you cared for me, simply to scorn me and laugh at me. It is a scalp at your belt, a feather in your cap, Miss Tremaine."

"You do not understand," she answered. "How could I know, how could I guess, that you would grow to care for me? You are one whom the world has called a woman-hater, and to you what little charms we have count as nothing. I wanted you to take an interest in me, to be my friend, because——"

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Google

"Because?"

"Because you are Captain Hamilton's Colonel, I wanted you to be also his friend."

"Go on!" he viciously interjected. "You love this man!"

"Yes," she said quietly, "I love him, and because you are his Colonel I wanted you to have some regard for me; to help Frank on, because you knew us both, because, perhaps, in a way, you had some regard for me."

"In a way," the man whispered icily. "In a way — Good God! In a way!"

"How could I guess that you would care for me, save as a girl? You are——"

"Say it," he cried, "say it —'you are so old.'"

"No, no. I would say you are so different from the others. You have told me of your life, your hopes, your ambitions."

"I have spoken to you as I have spoken to no woman before," he answered coldly. "I have spoken to you as a woman I counted would be my wife. It was a mistake, an error that only an old man could make. Goodbye."

"You will forgive me," she pleaded. "Your words have stung me, they have made me feel almost ashamed. You understand all things."

"I understand all things," he answered gravely, as he raised her hand to his lips.

"And——" she hesitated.

"And Captain Hamilton, eh? He shall have the surest chance of promotion and fame that I can give him."

"You are as good as I thought you," she answered, and so, still smiling and courteously grave, he left her; and it was gradually, almost imperceptibly, that that smile tightened down into a sneer.

"Captain Hamilton," he whispered, as he strode through the streets—"Captain Hamilton! And I am now his fairy godmother, to look after him, and advance his welfare until he can take her from me. A boy, a boy who would forget her in a month, would tire of her even before she had found that she had tired of him! Captain Hamilton, eh?—curse him! But, there, I am becoming as young as he. Men are so easily killed in India's little wars, and women so easily forget in India—and elsewhere! Let Fate work to its own finality, for Fate has promised her to me!"

"Go on!" he interjected viciously. "You love this man."

II.

India's little wars! People in England scarcely notice them at all. There is always some restless tribe to be taught that England does not set her hand to the plough and then look back, always some mountain skirmish, always some trivial battle, always some insignificant list of killed and wounded crowded into a corner of the newspapers, that no one, save those who have cause to scan such details, worries about. It was one of these trivial errands that England was now under-

Google

taking. Colonel Graham's brigade, ridiculously small, as all English brigades are when upon a punitive expedition, was moving northwards for the purpose of quelling an insurrection among the hill tribes.

It was insufferable work for everyone; tedious to the extent of making a man wish for anything that might bring relief to the dead monotony of the march under a blazing sun; all hard work, with not a chance of honour or glory, for it was the littlest of India's little wars.

"What a life!" Captain Hamilton interjected, as he wiped his forehead, "I wish to Heaven we could meet the devils and get it over!"

"And it's rougher for you than the rest of us," one of his comrades answered.

"Rougher for me? How so?"

"Well, the Colonel," the man answered hesitatingly.

"The Colonel?"

"Yes, the Colonel," another impatiently blurted. "Don't fool about, old chap. You know the beast is down on you. Any dirty job to be done, it's 'Where's Hamilton?' anyone to be slanged, it's Hamilton; any man in the regiment to be made an example of it's one of Hamilton's division. Good Heavens! if I had been in your place, I should have been court-martialled by now and dismissed from the service with ignominy for striking my superior officer. How do you bear it?"

"Well, it's the girl at home I'm waiting for," Captain Hamilton quietly responded. "I must win promotion, and I shan't gain that by getting kicked out of the regiment."

"But what's the row?"

"Oh, can't you guess? The Colonel fell in love with the girl, and, God bless her! she preferred me."

"And he knows?"

"Eh, he knows. But there, drop the subject, boys. Life's hard enough without sitting down and bemoaning one's fate. There's the bugle! Only wait until we meet them, and then, perhaps, promotion for me, and I'll leave Colonel Graham behind me!"

"Captain Hamilton!"

The man rose sharply and saluted.

"We shall attack the enemy at dawn!"

"Yes, Colonel!"

"Try and keep your company in its proper formation, and not straggling about like a set of raw recruits!"

"Colonel!"

"Don't answer me, sir!"

"I will answer you. You've no right to insult my men, the finest set of fellows in the British army! Sneer at me if you will, sir; insult me before the regiment, if it pleases your paltry little mind; but, by Heaven, Colonel, be fair! Be fair to the men!"

"Consider yourself under arrest, Captain Hamilton, for insubordination!"

"And I too, Colonel," another exclaimed, rising to his feet. "I speak for all of us, your treatment of Captain Hamilton is a disgrace to the army, and to you as an officer and a gentleman."

"Then, by gad, it's mutiny!" the Colonel exclaimed, turning pale with fury. "A mutiny by my own officers on the eve of an engagement!"

He strode to and fro in the tent, gnawing his moustache, with his sword clanking behind him at each impatient stride, and then his features froze to that mask of sardonic jeering politeness that all who met him knew so well.

"To your stations, gentlemen, if you please; the bugle is about to sound the advance. We will discuss our personal differences after we have settled those of our country." And with a stiff bow he left them.

"I wish you chaps had let me fight my own battle," Hamilton wearily exclaimed. "There'll be a devil of a row about it, and disgrace for all of us!"

"Disgraced be hanged! Graham will think twice before he starts a court-martial on the whole of his officers. For the Lord's sake, let's be off, thrash the cusses and get back!"

"Lawrence is always so optimistic; he forgets that the cusses, as he calls them, have got rifles as good as our own men, and some of us won't get back," one of the men remarked as he buckled his belt.

"Oh, go hang! The howitzers will rout them out of the rocks, and then we'll see who's who."

"Silly plan of attack! Graham must have learnt tactics at the Kindergarten school, and naturally Hamilton's got the dirtiest job."

"Come on, boys," Captain Hamilton interjected, "don't let's stand here grumbling. I don't mind, in fact, I rejoice at it. My men are all good, we've got the most dangerous position, and it gives us all a chance."

"Bully for you, old chap! I wish I'd got it."

The men walked out of the tent, and as they emerged into the darkness Colonel Graham cantered up.

"Captain Hamilton!"

"Here, Colonel!"

"Your division will change with that of

Digitized by Google

Captain Lawrence, and you will form the rear guard, and not advance until the position is taken. The post I gave you is too responsible for you."

"Very well, Colonel!" and five minutes afterwards the divisions moved slowly through the blackness, forward to the deeper blackness of the hills beyond.

In a flash the dawn broke, and the columns in the long shadow of the hills steadily advanced, spreading themselves out to east and west as they approached the two passes which gave the only access to the rugged heights held by the rebels.

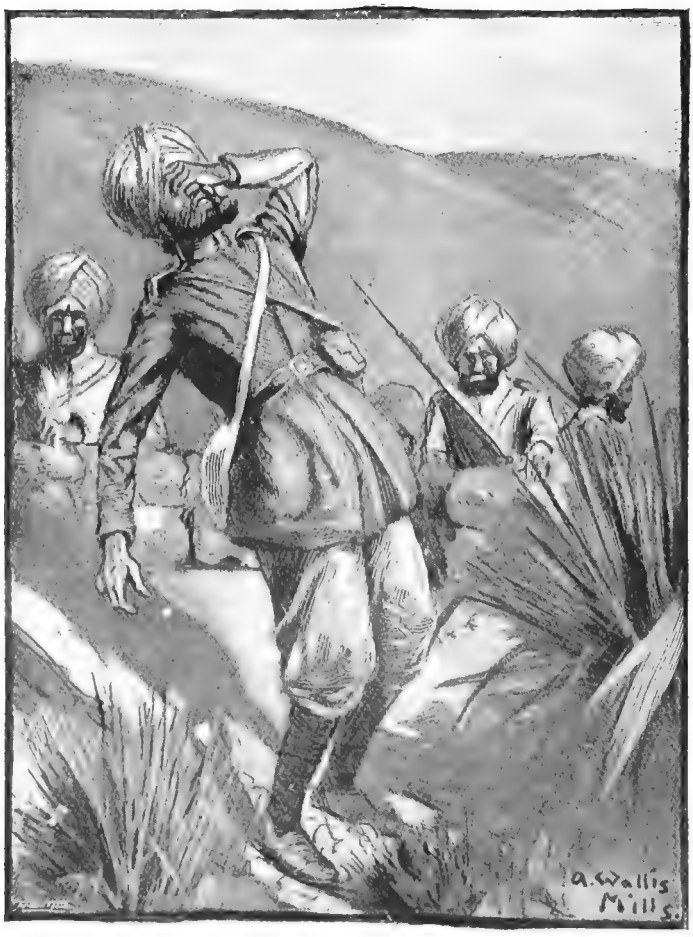
And far in the rear came the division that was to stand by and not fire a shot until the position had been taken and the flag hoisted.

"Well, after all, someone's got to command the rear-guard," Hamilton murmured, "but he might have given me a chance!"

There was a puff of white smoke up on the hillside, a few seconds after a crack, and a shower of dust was flung up well in advance of the first division.

Then the howitzers began to speak, and with a roar flung their shells like rockets into the hollows of the hills, and seemingly with no effect save to cause an occasional helter-skelter from one point to another; but under the protection of the batteries, the divisions advanced towards the passes, and a man who dropped and lay still, or grabbed at the dusty grass, with agony upon his face, showed that now they were within range.

Only a little war, a skirmish with the tribes, and yet the howitzers shrieked and whistled an accompaniment to the everlasting rattle of the rifles, with their incessant crack, crack, from above. There was no precision or order in the firing; it was simply the attack of a disorderly horde, and each one, in a position which seemed impregnable, carefully picked out a man and waited his opportunity.



Now they were within range.

The sharp sting of shells makes even a seemingly impregnable position uncomfortable, and before the howitzers tired of casting in the air the missiles that so often, it appeared, fell harmlessly, there was a scurrying in the rocky defiles, a disorderly mob making for higher up amongst the hills. Then the bugles sounded, and the regular military fire of the English-drilled troops brought down half of those who were climbing to the further heights.

Again the bugles! And best sound of all, the advance. With a rush our men made for the position, while above them roared the shells from the protecting howitzers.

"Let Captain Hamilton's division advance at the double," Colonel Graham instructed, "we need no retreat guard." And a few moments later the captain saluted his commander.

"Push your men to the

Google

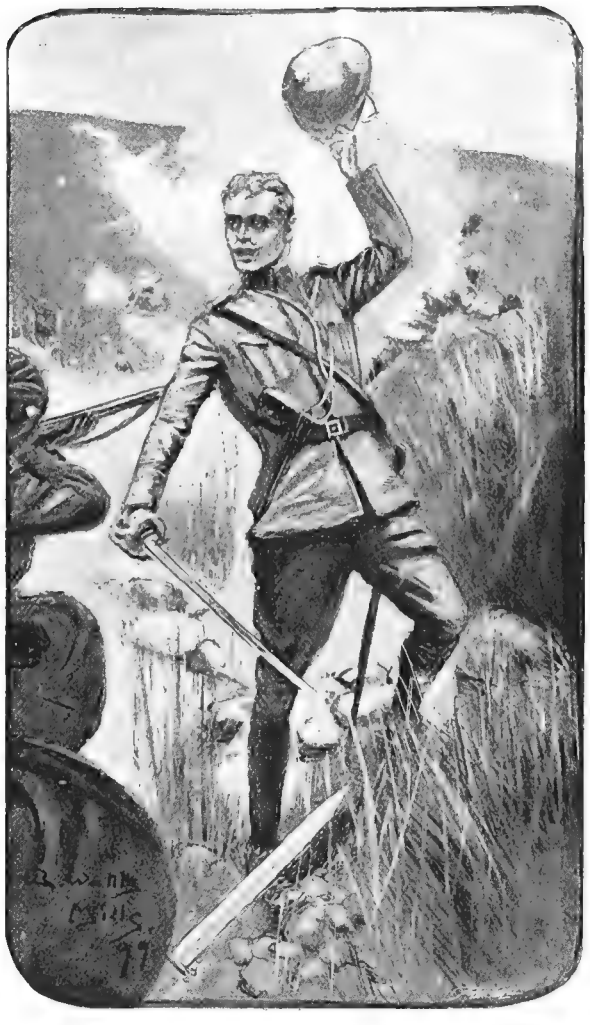
top, Captain Hamilton—the victory is but half completed. Give a good account of yourselves, and turn the skulking scoundrels out. I don't think they've got much fight left in them now."

And as the men, all longing to finish the affair, dashed forward, Colonel Graham stood and watched the storming parties mounting the hill upon every side.

From five points now the attack was being made simultaneously, while the firing from above shewed its traces in the thinning ranks of the beseigers.

It was Captain Hamilton's division that seemed to take all Colonel Graham's attention. The men were storming the most inaccessible, the best protected part of the heights, and though the shots rained about him where he stood, the Colonel remained unmoved his eyes on that man in the fore front of the battle.

"Men die easily in these little wars," he murmured, and still kept his eyes fixed on that party slowly moving towards the top. He drew his breath with a gasp; Hamilton had gone at last—he saw him reel and fall—but no, up again—it was only a slip. "Curse him! his life is charmed." There was a wild hurrah—the first of the stormers had reached the brow of the hill. The desultory firing gave place to a steady rattle, which increased as each division gained the summit and drove before it the defeated and panic-stricken rebels.



There was a wild hurrah! the first of the stormers had reached the brow of the hill.

It was all over and all useless. He had sent his captain to what seemed certain death, and the Captain had escaped—come through it with glory, and would return and marry her, unless he could put him where there could be no escape. He followed sharply towards the crest of the hill, and as he did so, his eyes caught sight of a group of half-a-dozen natives huddled together in a crevice—just a few that had been missed by the storming party and who had slunk away to hide till night-fall.

He turned his back upon them, knowing that they would not discover themselves by firing upon him, and climbed to the top with his pulses beating and his heart burning with excitement. All was not over yet. It was dastardly, but no one would know. He would cover the dead man with glory in his despatches. He would become sentimentally her friend by that, and then—one of these days. . . .

"Captain Hamilton!"

"Here Colonel!"

"You've redeemed yourself. I shall mention you favourably in my despatches."

"Thank you, Colonel!" and the man's face flushed beneath the grime of the battle.

"The second and third divisions are completing the rout?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"Then let the remainder form up."

The man saluted and turned upon his heel.

"See to the wounded, and—"

Google

"The work is going on now, Colonel."

Colonel Graham swallowed something in his throat, and caught his captain by the arm.

"By that boulder, there," he said, pointing half-way down the hill, "I dropped my case."

"I will have it searched for."

"Get it for me yourself. It contains private and official documents. I will await you here."

For an instant they eyed one another, and it seemed to the elder man that the younger had read his thoughts and knew that he was ordered to his death. But it passed away, for there was only a slight smile of amusement upon the Captain's face that he should be sent upon an errand of such a kind, as he stepped over the ledge and commenced the descent.

"He must walk suddenly into the midst of them," the Colonel muttered, as he wiped his forehead and moistened his lips. Then he walked sharply away for a few steps, stopped, and strolled back and gazed over.

"Why don't they shoot him?" he gasped, and then flung his arms in the air like a man who drowns.

"No, by God! I can't, not even for her! Hamilton! Hamilton!"

The man below heard the sound, and, waving his hand in reply, took it for a direction to commence to search.

Then he suddenly stood erect and caught the revolver from his belt. There was a sharp crack, and a howl from a crevice in the rock, and then half a dozen men made a rush for him where he stood. They carried no rifles, only their swords, and the man who watched understood that his life was due to want of ammunition when he passed them. The Colonel's object was accomplished and he turned away—turned away with a rush, and dashed for a horse that had been tethered near before the attack.

His revolver spoke sharp and biting.

"Not even for her!" he cried, as he tore the reins loose, and flung himself upon the horse's back.

"How could I marry her? How could I look into her face again!"

There was another crack from below, and he drove the horse madly towards the hillside where it baulked the descent, and, pawing the air gave him a glimpse of the scene below—Hamilton, with his back to the rock, one man dead, and five swarming around him.

With an oath he tore round, galloped in a short circle, and came to the edge again.

Google

"Jump it, you devil, jump it!" he shrieked, and brought his fist down with a crash on the horse's head. Then like a thunderbolt they dropped. There was a thud that nearly shook him from the saddle, as the horse struck the steep side with his four feet together.

"Not even for her!" he gasped again, as they slid down the hill, the terrified animal flung back upon his haunches. Then, before a moment had passed, he was in the group. It was more level there, and his revolver spoke sharp and biting. Hamilton was down—the rescue was not a moment too soon. The man making a swinging cut at him dropped dead with the circle half completed, the others died as they ran.

"You've saved my life, Colonel," he panted, "I, the one whom you owed least to; the one who has caused most trouble in your regiment. How can I thank you? It was the most gallant deed the world has seen."

"Don't be a fool. I sent you down there to be shot, and then thought better of it. I believed all was fair in love and war, but, confound it, it isn't! If you care to be a friend of mine now, more fool you; but if you do, I'll make a jackass of myself by dancing at your wedding!"

III.

"To Colonel Chesney Graham, the Victoria Cross, for conspicuous bravery in saving the life of Captain Hamilton."

The man read the paragraph again and again, and grew whiter as he read it.

"I can't take it," he muttered, "I can't take it, and I can't refuse it! Come in, Hamilton!"

He rose and seized the outstretched hand of his comrade.

"For God's sake, help me! You're the only one who knows the truth. I can't accept it. I can't go about a living lie. I can't wear a cross for valour, I, the one who ——"

"You must, you shall! If you mention a word of the past, dead and forgotten, I will say you are a madman, a——"

"I say I cannot, and I will not! My heart has sickened when your wife has spoken of the past and what I did. My soul revolts at the deep friendship she has given me, so that I hold the place in her heart next only to yourself. I would rather she knew all and shunned and hated me, than that I stole her regard as I have done, acting the honest man when I am but the meanest rogue——"

"Will you let her decide and guide you?"

"Tell her all, Hamilton?"

"Yes."

"No, no! I cannot see the gratitude in her eyes, which seem always to thank me for your life, turn to wonder, and then to horror-stricken contempt."

"I can give you no better advice. Give her your confidence first, and she may advise you to keep the world in ignorance."

"When?"

"Now. She will be here directly to be amongst the first to congratulate you."

The man gazed stonily before him for a moment, then nodded his head, and Captain Hamilton opened the door and held up his finger warningly to the girl who entered.

"Is anything wrong?" she whispered.

"It's about the Cross," he answered. "The Colonel does not think he should have it."

"Not have it?" she exclaimed, with wide open eyes. "Not have it for saving your life?" and she walked over and placed her hand on the man's shoulder. "Colonel Graham, it's the worst compliment I've ever received. My husband's life not worth the Victoria Cross, indeed!"

"Tell her," the man interrupted, and then he started to his feet and faced them both.

"Let me tell you all myself!" he cried fiercely. "You know the past, my dear. You know I was an old fool who thought you could care for me, but what you don't know is this: I promised to help your husband and yet hated him, and put every indignity upon him that one officer could put upon another. When we had stormed the heights and won the position, I still hated him because I'd hoped he might be taken and I left"—the man hesitated, and Captain Hamilton took up the thread of the story.

"Yet," he cried excitedly, "when he saw me there, surrounded by those who would have satisfied his wishes and left me dead and you free, all that hatred vanished, all thought of what my fate would mean to him, faded away. He forced a horse sheer down that break neck hill, and rescued me out of the very jaws of death.

"Was it not worthy of the Cross? And yet he hesitates and asks your guidance whether to take it or reject it."

The elder man extended his hand and took that of his captain.

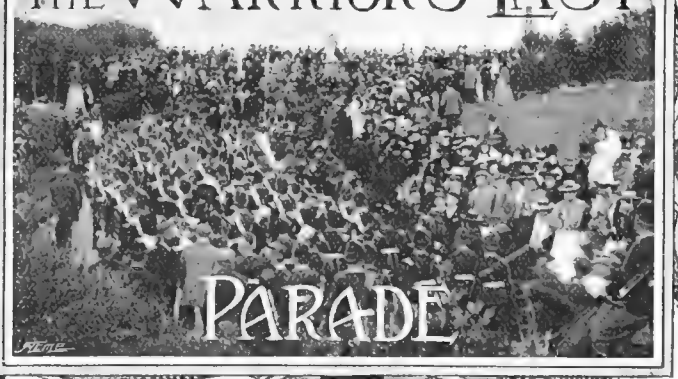
"If the Cross be for valour there is greater valour in saving one's enemy than one's friend," she answered gravely. "He must take it," and both men bowed their heads and accepted her decision.

"For Valour," she said, and stooping touched his forehead with her lips.

Google

Illustrated with Special Photographs by the Author.

THE WARRIOR'S LAST PARADE



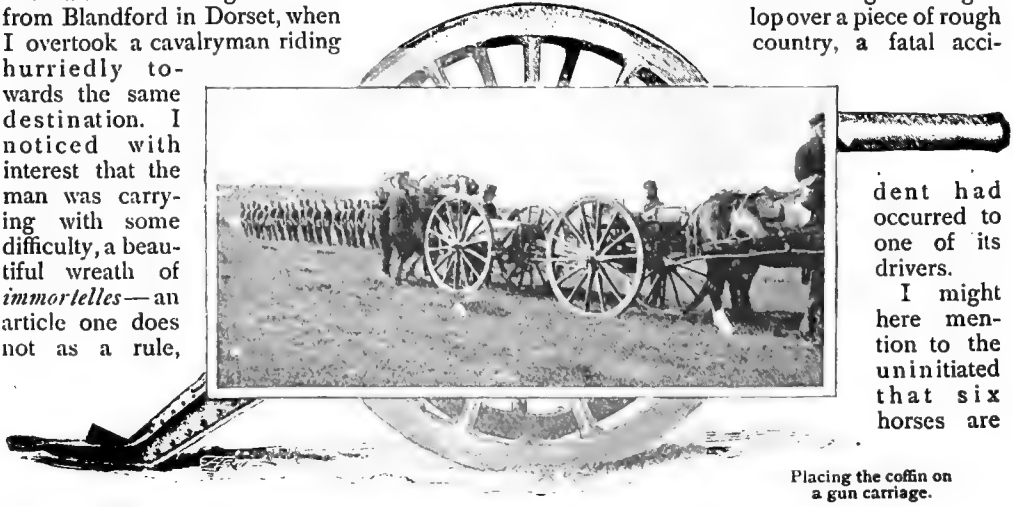
By R. C. Ryan.

THERE are doubtless many thousands of people living in towns and villages remote from military centres, many even of London's millions, who have never, or but rarely, witnessed a soldier's funeral. An ordinary funeral is sombre and moving enough, but the "warrior's last parade" is infinitely more impressive and pathetic with its colour, its muffled music, its slow and solemn movement.

On a scorching day in August during the recent military manœuvres, I was speeding along with a cycle and camera in the direction of the camp of Buller's army which had halted for the night not far from Blandford in Dorset, when I overtook a cavalryman riding hurriedly towards the same destination. I noticed with interest that the man was carrying with some difficulty, a beautiful wreath of *immortelles*—an article one does not as a rule, associate with military manœuvres. He greeted me with a friendly "good morning," and asked if I would mind carrying the wreath for him as far as the camp, as the pace he was expected to ride would be fatal to a thing of so delicate a nature.

Burdened as I was with my camera, I was reluctantly compelled to refuse his request, He took it, however, in good part, and we chatted pleasantly together as we rode along. He told me among other things what the wreath was meant for.

It appears that on the previous day when a battery of Royal Horse Artillery was in action, and moving at full gallop over a piece of rough country, a fatal accident had occurred to one of its drivers.



Placing the coffin on a gun carriage.

I might here mention to the uninitiated that six horses are

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Google

harnessed to each gun, the "rear" horses being ridden by drivers; the gunners themselves are separately mounted, as it would be impossible for them to ride on the gun-limber as in the case of "field batteries."

On this occasion the horse ridden by the driver of the centre pair stumbled and fell, bringing over the whole gun-team. The pole of the gun struck the unfortunate man, killing him instantly.

"War" having been declared between the Northern and Southern Army Corps, and the latter being on the march, it was necessary to bury the poor fellow without delay. A coroner's inquest held the same day brought in a verdict of accidental death; orders were then issued for the funeral to be held the next morning, and the gun-team to which the deceased belonged was told off for duty, the broken pole being neatly spliced, and the gun-carriage made ready to carry the coffin to the grave.

I might mention that in all garrison towns a gun-carriage is kept for funeral purposes with a permanent platform, but without the gun.

One particularly sad feature in the instance mentioned above was, that though the deceased's relatives were telegraphed for, time and distance did not permit them to bid their last farewells together with the dead warrior's comrades at arms.

A soldier's horse always follows immediately behind the coffin in the funeral *cortége*,

Bearing the warrior's last remains to the church.

The service at the graveside.

and is led by two men, walking one on either side. The preparation of the horse for this sad parade is always a labour of love, and is most readily and conscientiously performed. The animal is equipped as if for parade, his knees being adorned with a pair of white rosettes, and the bridle, reins, stirrup-leathers, and surcingle bound round at regular intervals

Digitized by Google

with white tape. The strict carrying out of these details was, in this instance, hardly possible, and though full-dress is strict etiquette, yet on this occasion the troops wore manœuvre kit. One of the most pathetic features in the horse's equipment is the carrying of a pair of jack-boots belonging to the deceased soldier; these are slung over the saddle and reversed in the stirrups.

At the appointed time the *cortége* is formed up outside the mortuary, and an opportunity is given to those who wish to take a last look at their departed comrade.

The shell is then closed, the troops that compose the funeral party form in two lines facing inwards, the gun-carriage is drawn up at the extreme end, and the bearers enter the mortuary and bring out the coffin, which has for its pall the Union Jack. On this are placed the sword and head-dress of the deceased, together with the wreaths presented by sorrowing relatives and friends. "Attention!" "Present arms!" are the orders given, while the bearers pass slowly down the lines towards the gun-carriage, on which they carefully place the coffin. After the order "slow march" has been spoken, the procession moves, with slow and melancholy tread, in the direction of the cemetery, headed by the band, and to the strains of some funeral music such as the "Dead March in Saul," Beethoven's "March Funebre," or the weird "Lamentations."

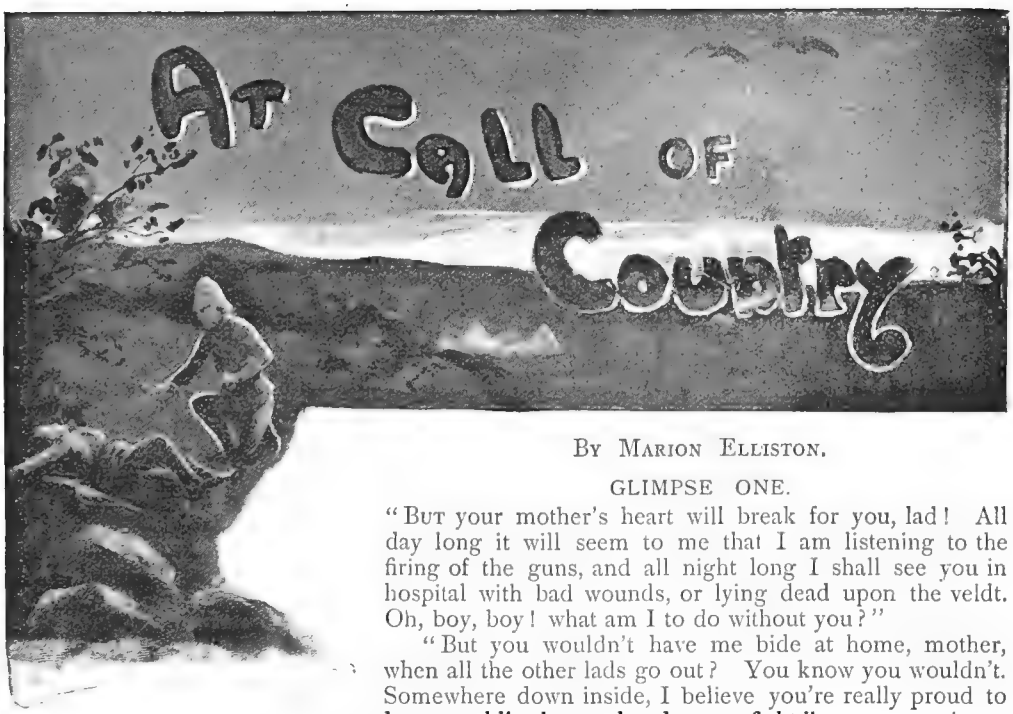
The scene at the graveside is most impressive. One of the accompanying photographs shows the bearers and escort standing uncovered while the military chaplain conducts the burial service. The firing-party meanwhile stands at the "present arms"—this being the only occasion on which a soldier of non-commissioned rank is entitled to that honour.

After the burial service is concluded, the firing-party, consisting of twelve men and a sergeant, is formed up immediately over the grave, and, at the command, fire three volleys in the air with blank cartridge. Load! Present! Fire! And an ear-splitting crash is heard; then a few bars of the "Rouse" are played, the "Rouse" being a piece of music performed on the drums and fifes before Reveille, when troops are encamped. Ready! Present! Fire! And again a volley from twelve carbines that sound like one piece; finally the last volley, and then the firing party marches away, with arms at "the shoulder," whereas before they were carried at the reverse.

A last look is taken, and the floral tributes placed in position; the troops form up; the drums are unmuffled, and the party march back to the camp or barracks, to the tune of some popular "quick step" march, it being considered necessary to combat any morbid feeling from sinking into the soldiers' minds and spreading itself among the troops.

The only occasion on which a private soldier receives a salute from a firing-party.

Digitized by Google



By Marion Elliston.

GLIMPSE ONE.

"But your mother's heart will break for you, lad! All day long it will seem to me that I am listening to the firing of the guns, and all night long I shall see you in hospital with bad wounds, or lying dead upon the veldt. Oh, boy, boy! what am I to do without you?"

"But you wouldn't have me bide at home, mother, when all the other lads go out? You know you wouldn't. Somewhere down inside, I believe you're really proud to have a soldier boy ordered out to fight."

"No, no, boy! I wouldn't hold you back from fighting for your Queen and country, and I'd sooner—I'd sooner"—but here her voice broke into something very near a sob, and she turned away to hide the tears that would keep on coming, pretending she was engrossed with that last night's supper she was preparing for him—a pathetic repast consisting of small portions of every single thing she could think of that he had "special likings" for, a collection that would have tried the digestion of any mortal man except that of a "Tommy" just off beyond the reach of mother-prepared suppers!

"The Queen, mother! Why, when I'm in the battle, and have to think of a woman to keep myself plucky, and able to fire straight, I guess it won't be any grand lady with a crown on like the Queen that I keep in my mind, but jest you, with your white apron on, getting my supper for me because it is my last night at home for a bit. Cheer up, mother! I'm coming back all right, you'll see." And he held her in his arms until she insisted that the pudding would be completely spoiled.

He had to join his barracks over night—supper was soon over, and he must go.

"Good-bye, lad, good-bye! God bless you and bring you back safe."

And the boy went off to the war. His mother stayed at home, as mothers must. It was lonely without him.

GLIMPSE TWO.

"Good-bye, darling—God keep you and the children."

He held her pressed closely to him, but the men were already entrained, and the guard was impatient. One last "good-bye," and he sprang in with his brother officers. He kept the window though, waving his cap to a figure there on the platform. She waved to him, too, as long as the train was in sight. Then she set her mouth firmly and walked away. What did it matter if her heart was breaking? The ache of it must be shut away somewhere deep down, and somehow or other, the full daily portion of smiles for the children must be manufactured and spread over the top surface. They would be at home by the time she reached there. She must be prepared to listen to all the little stories of little vices and little virtues that make the sum of a child's life, and that only receive their full fruition as they are handed over to wise mothers who can see and show their true bearings! Yes, she must be there to help find all the lost books for the afternoon's lessons, and to sew on stray buttons, and to set stray stitches—and, worst of all, to sit at

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

the early dinner, and pretend to eat, because they always said, "Dinner is never a bit good when mother isn't there."

So the man went off to the war, and the wife-heart was aching badly, though the mother-lips still kept making smiles. Mothers must!

GLIMPSE THREE.

"Dood-bye, my daddy, dood-bye, an' tum home adain twick," and the wee mite snuggled her head into his shoulder, and put both arms round his neck.

"Good-bye, little girlie, be a good girl and comfort mother when Daddy is gone."

"Daddy, you're giving Baby all of it, and I want some of you, too," said the bigger boy, who was busy clanking his father's sword, and inquiring into the joints of his hero's harness.

"Daddy isn't likely to forget his big boy, old fellow," he answered, giving the mite in his arms another almost convulsive hug, and handing her back to the mother whose turn must come last of all.

"Come along, boy," and he drew him close, "now listen to Daddy carefully! I'm going out to fight, and we mean to win; but you're to stay at home and fight, and you're to win too! You're to fight all that crew of schoolroom invaders I hear about so often —Dickie Dawdles, Tommy Thoughtless, Anthony Argumentative, Timothy Temper and all those fellows he so often brings along with him—you know them well enough, a whole battalion of them—Gregory Grumbles, Sammy Sulks, Freddie Fretful and Peter Peevish! And that little sweetheart of yours, Miss Tiny Tearful—you know I don't like her at all—I'm sure she is only a traitor in the camp, and really belongs to the enemy all the time, so it is such a pity you are so fond of her! Well, anyhow, you fight them all for all you're worth, and send me a war map every week to tell me how the battles in the School-room War have gone—tell me what were the points of attack, and who came off best man, will you? I hope Sammy Sulks will soon get a drubbing that will teach him to take himself off for good—I should be so glad to hear about that!"

"Well, Daddy, I'll just try and give him a good thump if he comes again, out of memory of you."

"That's right, my boy. And remember, boy, if Daddy doesn't come home again, you're to take care of Mummie always, and be very good to her for Daddy's sake!"

"The carriage is here, sir, and the luggage all up," announced the footman.

And the soldier released the boy, for there was one other farewell to take—a farewell that needed no words, nor could find any that were adequate. He put a hand on each of her shoulders, and she leaned her head forward for one instant—only one. He stooped and kissed her soft curly hair, whispered, "Goodbye, my own, God bless you," and sprang into the carriage, with no look to the right hand or to the left.

"Ready, Jackson!" and the wheels crunched on the gravel, and wife, children and servants all strained their ears to hear it as long as they might.

GLIMPSE FOUR.

The great steamer with its three funnels lay alongside. The Smith's bookstall young man was marching up and down selling war-maps and novels, and his trade throve—especially in the former. The heavy cranes had gathered up, swung across, and slowly lowered the last of the two hundred war-horses, and were now busy catching up the big packing-cases of stores and baggage brought in by the last boat-train. A few minutes more and even that would be finished. The men of the regiment had already gone aboard for the last time, and answered through the roll-call.

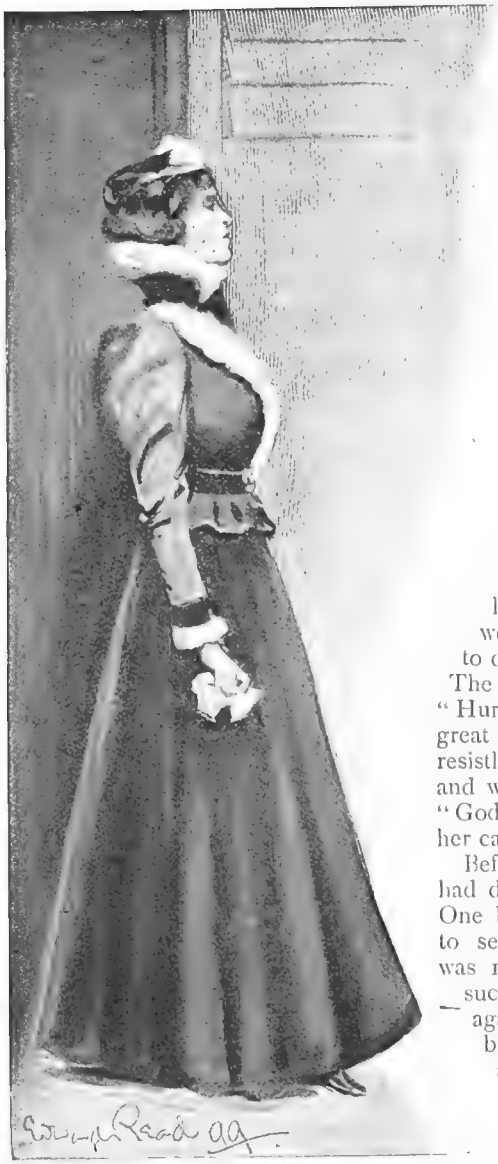
The first bell! The second! By the third all friends must be off the ship. The last "Goodbyes" must be very short now. Two ladies and two gentlemen got up from the more or less sheltered corner where they had been spending those last precious moments with an officer of the corps—his father, mother, and brother—yes, and his young wife. The men took manly greeting of him and joked military jokes on the supposition that it cheered the women. The women tried to smile on the supposition that "it made it easier for Charlie"—and Charlie spoke with a great manner of assurance about "the war being soon over," and about being "at home again before Christmas" on the supposition that they believed it! Nobody succeeded in deceiving anybody, but everybody tried to! How universally and how forgiveably the most truth-loving of men and women become deceivers when they say "Good-byes!"

Then the warm mother-farewell—the strong man going back again to the simplicity and unself-consciousness of the good-bye of a little child. Then the shyer, tender "Good-bye" to the slight girlish figure who was trying so bravely to keep herself well in

Google

"Remember, boy, if Daddy doesn't come home again you're to take care of Mummie always—for Daddy's sake!"

Google



But the wife of the soldier gone to war still stood there gazing out to sea.

hand. Then they went down the gangway and stood against the sheds to watch the ship start.

Another officer came down the gangway to bring another lady off. She would be alone when he went back, and he hated to leave her so!

"I can't bear to leave you alone in a place like this, dear one," he said, "I wish I had insisted on Reggie coming. Let me take you across and put you into a fly. They know I'm come off, and, besides, there's no fear of them starting yet.

"No, I am going to watch it out of sight. Please don't be uneasy, dear—I shall manage quite well. I didn't want anyone else here to-day. I wanted you alone. Good-bye, my husband!"

She put her hand in his, and looked for one second into his eyes—and her whole soul was in that look. It was only one second, then she looked out to sea. She dare not let herself loose, even for one last kiss, but he knew and he understood. He turned and went up the gangway again—they were waiting to draw it away even then.

The troops at their end of the ship shouted "Hurrahs," but they were drowned with the one great strain that, once started, swept the crowd with resistless force, gathering up the voice of every man and woman on the ship or on the shore, as they sang "God save the Queen," while the big ship slipped her cables.

Before the hymn was done the bulk of the crowd had dispersed, and only the relatives still remained. One by one they, too, dropped off, for the most part to seek a quieter place to cry in, now that there was no object in pretending that they were above such petty weakness. The officer's brother again and again drew the pretty, girlish wife to a better place for her husband to see her as long as eyes could reach.

Another officer was standing beside him, straining his eyes to see, too—not a lady among a group of caring friends, but a lady standing quite alone, leaning against the doorway of the great Custom House shed that runs the whole length of that platform.

But the afternoon mist was creeping up and covering everything with a cold, dreary drizzle. The brother-protector drew his sister-in-law away at last, saying, "Come away, dear, this mist is hiding everything now, and making you cold and wet—come along." And they turned again to the sore-hearted father and mother.

But the other woman, the other wife of a soldier gone to the war, still stood there gazing out to sea. Not that she could see his ship—the mist that lay over the sea enveloped it, and the mist that swam in her eyes concealed it. A policeman, who had eyes that saw, moved slowly up and down. She was so absolutely alone, so evidently a stranger, so mutely yet quiveringly sad, and from her dress and carriage so evidently of a race that is not well accustomed to "do for itself in a crowd," that it touched him.

"It's very damp, lady — won't you move further into the shed? You'll catch

Google

your death of cold there," he said at length.

"No, thank you. I think I had better go now," she answered, and moved away.

But Southampton Docks is a bad place to be in alone when there is a thick mist in your eyes and a lump in your throat. There are waters all round you, and lines and trucks everywhere. Police Constable No. 32 guessed she couldn't see, and he guessed right.

"Take care, lady; the trucks are up and down these lines every minute. This is the way to the outside gate where the cab stand is. But if you'll just stand still under this wall you'd be safe and sheltered, and I can whistle one inside for you."

"Yes, perhaps that would be best; please do." She was beginning to feel faint and spent, and very incoherent.

It wasn't more than a couple of minutes before the hansom drew up, and the policeman put her in. "Where shall I tell him to drive, lady?"

"The railway station, please—the London platform."

"You can't catch the 5.15, lady, and the next is 7.35. You've two hours to wait; better let him take you to the Terminus Hotel, and you could get a cup of tea. You'll be there already when it's time; you just step out of the hotel on to the platform when the train comes in. If you just tell the manager when your train is due, he'll send for you in plenty of time."

"Very well, perhaps so," she answered.

And as the cabman drove slowly away No. 32 said, "Please God, he'll come back to you safely, lady."

"Thank you. I shall tell him in my first letter how good you were to me—he was so unhappy at leaving me to find my way back alone. Good-night."

And she drove away, to scan the newspapers, to search the War Office lists, and to pray for the end of the war.

THE POWER OF A WAVE.

THAT the sea has a terrific power when lashed into fury by a tempest is a fact known to all—both mariners and landsmen. But it is doubtful if many inhabitants of the United Kingdom, except those living upon storm-visited coasts, realise what gigantic damage can be done by the waves which break upon our own shores during a violent storm.

No better example of the truth of this statement has ever been afforded than the disaster which happened to Martello Tower No. 17, on the Kentish coast, near Hythe, in the hurricane of February, 1898. The sea-wall of the tower consists of masonry many feet in thickness, but so great was the power of the mountain-like waves which dashed upon it, that this massive structure was literally split, as shown in our photograph. A succession of gigantic waves weakened the masonry, and at last one sea, of even greater force than its predecessors, completed the destruction of the building.

Photo by W. H. Jacob.

A Martello Tower Wrecked by a Wave.

All our readers may not be aware that the many Martello Towers to be seen on our southern and south-eastern coasts were erected at great expense during the panic caused by the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon Bonaparte. Each tower had mounted upon its summit a large gun, but neither the towers nor the guns were ever brought into service, and they are now quite obsolete. Some towers have been turned into dwelling-houses.

Digitized by Google

Stories of Some Successful Songs

How "The Soldiers Of The Queen" Was Written.

By T. Roberts.

Nowadays, the man who writes a really popular song receives more outward and visible signs of his success than the most successful stateman or general. Let him go where he will, he cannot escape the evidence of his handiwork. In the streets the melody he created is constantly assailing his ears; in the theatre and concert-hall he meets his song face to face, and in the houses of his private friends; if the piano is not singing his praises, it is only because his song is taking a temporary rest in the recesses of the music stand.

Three years ago, except to the music loving public in Manchester, Leslie Stuart was almost unknown. But to-day, it may be said without the slightest exaggeration, that his songs are more widely known than those of any other living composer.

It was on the morning after the Jubilee day that Leslie Stuart woke and found himself famous. For all London was humming "The Soldiers of the Queen," and the reason for this ubiquitous humming was that they had heard the melody fifed and drummed by every military band that took part in the great pageant on the previous day. According to the newspaper reports, "The Soldiers of the Queen" was played no fewer than thirty times during the procession. The song having once taken root, grew like mustard seed in a warm soil. It spread to every part of the Empire, and is now regarded as a national song of Great Britain, judging from the fact that it was played by the Guards' band when they marched into Omdurman.

Photo by Barrett.

The Latest Portrait of Mr. Leslie Stuart

However, Leslie Stuart does not depend for his fame on "The Soldiers of the Queen." Three, at least of his other songs —"Little Dolly Daydream," "Louisiana Lou," and "The Lily of Laguna"—are almost as popular as that martial ditty. To achieve so many current successes is most exceptional.

There was nothing in Leslie Stuart's earlier career to suggest his subsequent success as a composer of ear-catching melodies. For seven years he was organist to Archbishop, now Cardinal, Vaughan, at Salford Cathedral. Then he turned his hand to organising concerts in Manchester and achieved remarkable success in his new venture. The Manchester public have the reputation of being the keenest judges of good music in the country, and Leslie Stuart provided them with plenty of material to exercise their critical faculties upon.

In his character of *impressario* he was responsible for introducing no less a star than Paderewski to the British public. The introduction came about in this way. An agent of Paderewski came to Leslie Stuart and asked him if he would give an engagement to the great pianist, whose fame at that time was, of course, purely local in Germany. Engaging great unknowns is always risky work; but Leslie Stuart was venturesome and then and there offered Paderewski an engagement to play at two concerts in Manchester. For the first concert the pianist was to receive the sum of £40, and the same sum for the second, provided that his first appearance proved successful. When

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

we know that now Paderewski will never appear for anything under a fee of three hundred guineas the doubt as to whether he was worth £40 seems amusing.

Anyhow, the doubt was soon satisfied. Paderewski, who was booked to appear in Manchester at Leslie Stuart's concert on a Saturday, arrived in England on the previous Tuesday. Then, as the penny novelist would say, a strange thing happened. Paderewski was captured by an enterprising musician and gave a pianoforte recital in London two days before his appearance in Manchester. The result of this concert was satisfactory to Leslie Stuart so far as it set his mind completely at rest on the question as to whether or not Paderewski would "draw."

Reduced facsimile of a Portion of the Music of "The Soldiers of the Queen."

The London musical public were taken by storm, and the day after his recital the papers all joined in a chorus of acclamation at the wonderful performance of the new star. Paderewski's appearance in Manchester on the Saturday was only a continuation of his London triumph. But by this time he had learned his true value from a financial point of view. It is interesting to note that when next Paderewski played in Manchester his fee had risen to £100, and at a subsequent visit to £150.

Though Leslie Stuart's first meeting with Paderewski was purely official, they soon became fast friends, and among a host of souvenirs from distinguished people to be found in Mr. Stuart's house at West Hampstead, two of the most interesting are an old silver match-box and an autograph portrait of himself presented by Paderewski to the popular composer as mementos of his first engagement in England.

It was in his previous residence overlooking Battersea Park that most of Leslie Stuart's famous songs were composed. Anything more unsuggestive of the atmosphere of a music-hall it would be difficult to imagine. The drawing-room is stocked with original scores and rare old editions of the great operas. Sundry mementoes from many of the famous singers and songstresses who sang at her husband's concerts in Manchester can be seen on Mrs. Stuart's treasure table. But the most valued of all Leslie Stuart's numerous gifts is a curiously wrought gold Maltese cross, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, presented to him when he was

Digitized by Google

organist to Cardinal Vaughan, at Salford Cathedral.

The story of how "Little Dolly Daydream" was composed is interesting. "It is a round-about story," the composer remarked, "but I will tell it to you as briefly as I can. About two years ago I wrote a song called 'De Baby am a-cryin',' which I played to Eugene Stratton. I shewed it to him and he liked it immensely, but I had no time to fix up definitely with him, as he was hurrying off to take a part in the pantomime at Birmingham. About six weeks afterwards I got a wire from him: 'Come up to Birmingham to-morrow to rehearse song. Have been studying it.' Now, this was distinctly awkward, for about a fortnight before I had disposed of the performing rights of 'De Baby am a-cryin'' to someone else, while Eugene was evidently under the impression that I had promised the song to him. Something had to be done, and done quickly too, and I spent the next two hours casting about for a way out of the difficulty. After much botheration and brain-splitting this was finally discovered.

Photo by Hana.

"Sweetheart May." The Eldest Daughter of Mr. Leslie Stuart.

"My little daughter Dolly had only just begun to go to school, and, like most children going to school for the first time, she seemed greatly distressed at being parted from her mother for five or six hours every day. On this particular evening she was more in the clouds than ever, and didn't speak a word during dinner. At last my wife said to her: 'Come, little Dolly Daydream, you must find your voice.' That gave me the cue I wanted. Here I had, ready-made, a taking title for a new coon-song, to take the place of 'Baby am a-crying.' Before dinner was over I had the song mapped out in my head, the words of it that is; the music was a different matter; but I set to work about eight o'clock that evening, and by four o'clock next morning had finished the song, words, music, and dance.

"Six hours afterwards I set off for Birmingham. Eugene met me at the station, full of the original song, but I told him I had something far better in my pocket. Luckily for me he was so taken with 'Dolly Daydream,' when I played it over for him, that he forgot all about 'De Baby am a-cryin'.' He had been singing 'Dolly Daydream' for some months, before I told him the fate of the other song."

Leslie Stuart's method of composing is almost as original as his music. His invariable plan is to think of a catching title, and then to write a song up to it. He has a large notebook, full of suggested titles, which he jots down as they occur to him from time to time. What a valuable possession this book would prove to a writer of short stories! As I glanced through it I saw enough titles to make excellent headlines for a library of novelettes.

Leslie Stuart does not belong to that school of musicians who make a point of composing

Digitized by Google

as far away as possible from a musical instrument of any sort. Having hit on his title, and written the words (he always writes his own words by the way), his next move is towards the organ, which, together with a small piano, forms the main portion of the furniture in his "composing" room.

Reduced Facsimile of the Music of "Sweetheart May."

There are psychological moments in popular songs as in other things. At least, this is the theory the composer of "Little Dolly Daydream" holds to account for the peculiar experiences he has had with some of his compositions. "The Soldiers of the Queen," for instance, was introduced some years ago in "The Artist's Model," and sung by Mr. Haydn Coffin, but for some reason or other it didn't catch on. It was only when it was played on Jubilee Day that it attained the tremendous popularity which brought fame and fortune to all concerned in it.

Leslie Stuart had a directly contrary experience with "Louisiana Lou," which struck oil, so to speak, the first time it was heard In America, where they ought to know, it is regarded as the most characteristic coon song ever written. It aroused quite a controversy in New York as to whether a mere Britisher could have composed a song so thoroughly permeated with the spirit of Coon life. Only the other day a writer in a Philadelphian paper made the truly American discovery that Leslie Stuart is not a man at all, but the daughter of a well-known clergyman living in Philadelphia and a relation of President McKinley. This last part of the discovery is probably due to the fact that "Louisiana Lou" is the President's favourite song. He will go miles to hear it sung, and remarked lately that it ought to be America's National Anthem.

From a Photo.

Mr. Stuart writing one of His Popular Songs.

For the benefit of the writer from Philadelphia and all others whom it may concern, it is as well to state here that Leslie Stuart has never been in America, and that his coon melodies are entirely evolved from his own imagination. "Leslie Stuart," as may be supposed, is a *nom de theatre*. In private life the composer is J. A. Barrett. He is thirty-one years of age, and was born in Southport, his parents being West of Ireland people. That is his history in a nutshell.

In the public mind the name of Leslie Stuart is associated with Eugene Stratton in much the same way as Sir Arthur Sullivan is associated with W. S. Gilbert. How far the success of each depends on the other is much too knotty a question for the writer to attempt to decide, and has nothing to do with this article; but it is worth remarking that the composer's share of the work is not by any means confined to merely writing the words and music of the songs which Eugene Stratton sings.

MSS. of a Portion of the Famous "Cake Walk Dance."

Having satisfied his own artistic taste Leslie Stuart is absolutely impervious to newspaper criticism, hostile or otherwise,

Digitized by Google

though he confesses that he sometimes takes a hint from a remark he may hear in the audience. He only gives himself one opportunity of hearing such remarks, as, except on the first night of their production, he rarely hears any of his songs sung in public.

There is a romantic history attached to most of Leslie Stuart's compositions. Perhaps the prettiest story is in connection with "Sweetheart May." For many years the late Signor Foli, the great basso, had been a constant visitor at Mr. Stuart's house. He was a great favourite with the two little girls, and on one occasion when he came to say good-bye to them, previous to going on tour in America, little May, who was then a small mite of four years old, said that she was his little sweetheart and would marry him when he came back from America. There were circumstances in Mr. Foli's home at the time which made the incident particularly pathetic and suggested to Mr. Stuart the story which he subsequently worked up into the well-known song "Sweetheart May."

Photo by Hana.

The Second Daughter of Mr. Leslie Stuart—the Original of "Little Dolly Daydream."

A curious tribute was paid to the popularity of the "Willow Pattern Plate." It received the usual homage paid to the composer's songs in being whistled and sung wherever whistlers or singers were to be found. But altogether apart from this it brought Leslie Stuart batches of letters from delf and china merchants all over the country telling him what a big boom in Willow pattern china his song had caused. And at one of the Covent Garden balls which took place during the rage for this song a great number of the costumes were exact reproductions of the dresses worn by the Sisters Hawthorne while singing the "Willow Pattern Plate."

Leslie Stuart has reached a position in the theatre that might be regarded as unattainable by a composer associated with the variety halls. His new opera "Florodora," put on the boards at the Lyric Theatre, has achieved a success second to no other recent production. The entire music of this work was written in less than ten weeks. This is a rate of writing few would undertake to guarantee, and as Leslie Stuart is not a quick worker usually, the strain was enormous. But as arrangements for the engagement of the principal performers had been fixed, the theatre taken, and so on, delay was out of the question. Success meant the fulfilment of Leslie Stuart's highest ambition, and surely a stronger incentive to rapid work cannot be imagined. It would spur on the slowest composer in creation. Anyhow, in ten weeks, the opera was finished, and the result has proved an ample reward for the hard labour.

As I remarked at the commencement of this article success to a composer is much more intoxicating than success in any other profession—except the theatrical—and in England, at least, a composer who has once made a big "boom" is almost certain to remain popular to the end of his days. In France and Italy you may be a popular favourite one year and absolutely neglected the next. It is harder to achieve a success here, but once successful always successful.

Digitized by Google

We English are faithful to our old friends, and it is safe to predict that Leslie Stuart's songs and operas will delight the public of 1950 as they delight the public of to-day.

But there is another and a higher aspect in connection with songs such as "The Soldiers of the Queen," an aspect which I should like to emphasize before closing this article. I think it is Tennyson who says that "the song that moves a nation's heart is in itself a deed"—I quote the words from memory. The poet wrote thus, I believe, in defence of his magnificent battle-song, "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," which some silly, sentimental folk had attacked as being a glorification of war. In any case, he never spoke a truer word, and Leslie Stuart's "The Soldiers of the Queen" is, in its way, as much a deed as the late General Symons' victory at Glencoe. For it has moved a people's heart if ever a song has done so, and there is nothing like stirring music of this nature for the awakening of national enthusiasm, and the inspiriting of our soldiers. A well-written pamphlet or an eloquent speech may cause a huge sensation, but the effect of a single song such as "The Soldiers of the Queen" is immeasurably stronger and more far-reaching.

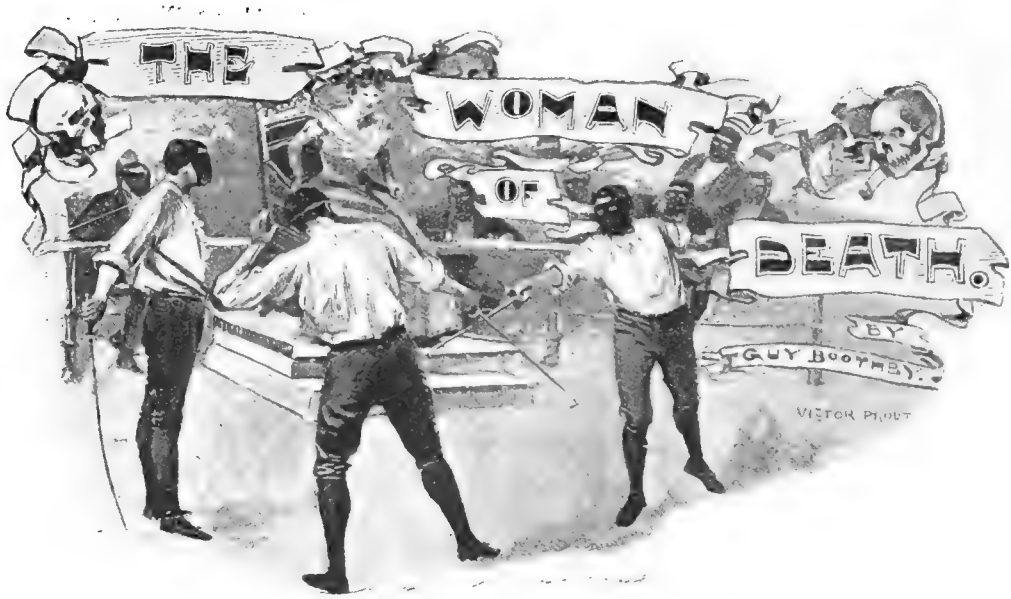
From a Photo.

Mr. Stuart Composing at his Organ.

I never felt the effect of music more intensely than at one of those enthusiastic "send-offs" at the commencement of the present war. I was at Waterloo Station, and the crowd had assembled to see a detachment of, I think, the Coldstream Guards, "board the cars" as they say across the Atlantic. The cheering as the soldiers filed past was sincere enough, but the thrill was absent until someone began to sing "The Soldiers of the Queen." I am a tolerably self-contained person, and, like most Englishmen, seldom and not easily moved, and rather ashamed of myself whenever this happens. I was moved on the present occasion as I have never been moved before, nor am I one jot ashamed of my enthusiasm. I yelled to the top of my voice, and waved my hat like a madman—such was the effect of Leslie Stuart's "The Soldiers of the Queen."

The Music of "Little Dolly Day Dream."

Digitized by Google



INTRODUCTION.

LORD MIDDLESBOROUGH, an Englishman suffering from boredom, becomes acquainted with a Madame D'Espère, who promises to find him an exciting pastime. The next day he is anonymously asked to a club, of which the amusement is a weekly duel to the death between two of its members. Everyone is masked, and the affair is presided over by a masked lady, whom Middlesborough suspects to be Madame D'Espère. He joins the club. Returning to England, shortly afterwards, he is visited by a strange Frenchman, who shews him the portrait of his daughter, in whom Middlesborough recognises a lady whose face greatly affected him one night at Monte Carlo.

CHAPTER V. (*Continued.*)

"To put the case in a nutshell," said the stranger, addressing Middlesborough, "you are a bachelor, wealthy, and the owner of a good name. On the other hand, here is a young girl, beautiful, as you can see; accomplished; of birth equal to your own, and capable of conferring great happiness upon the man upon whom she bestows her hand. At any moment it may be necessary for me to leave England, and, if I am not to mince matters, Lord Middlesborough, I may add that I believe I go to my death. Once I am taken from her, she will be without a relation or a friend in the world. She will have no one to protect her, no one to think of her, no one to love her."

Middlesborough glanced at the miniature before he replied. The face appealed to him with its beautiful eyes.

"What you tell me is exceedingly sad," he said. "But I do not quite see how I am to remedy it."

The other leant a little towards him and almost held out his hand.

"I am here to propose that you should marry her," he said, slowly and distinctly.

Middlesborough uttered an exclamation of astonishment. He could scarcely believe that he had heard aright. Was this a joke that was being played upon him? or was his first supposition that the other had been dining a correct one after all? And yet the man appeared quite sober.

"My good sir," began Middlesborough, a moment later, "you surely don't mean to tell me that you have come here, at three o'clock in the morning, to propose that I should marry a woman of whom I know absolutely nothing? You surely cannot mean it?"

"Nevertheless, that is exactly what I *do* mean," the stranger replied, and as he said it, he rose from his chair. Then he repeated very slowly, "I am here to propose that you shall marry my daughter."

"In that case, all I can say is," Middlesborough continued, "that, to put it mildly, you must be either intoxicated or insane. I have never heard anything more preposterous in my life."

"In common fairness, then, you must confess that you are indebted to me for my visit

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by Guy Boothby

Digitized by Google

to-night, inasmuch as I, for once, have helped you across the borders of the commonplace. But we are wasting time, and you are tired. Do not let us misunderstand each other. As I told you just now, I am standing face to face with death. It may only be a matter of a few days, it may possibly be only a few hours, before the summons comes. Then go I must, whether I will or no. My girl, however, must be placed in a strong man's keeping first. Believe me, I have not made this proposal haphazard. Before deciding upon you, I have considered the claims of half the great names of Europe, many of whom are connections of my own."

"You pay me a great compliment, no doubt, but I fear you do not know me, or you would scarcely do so."

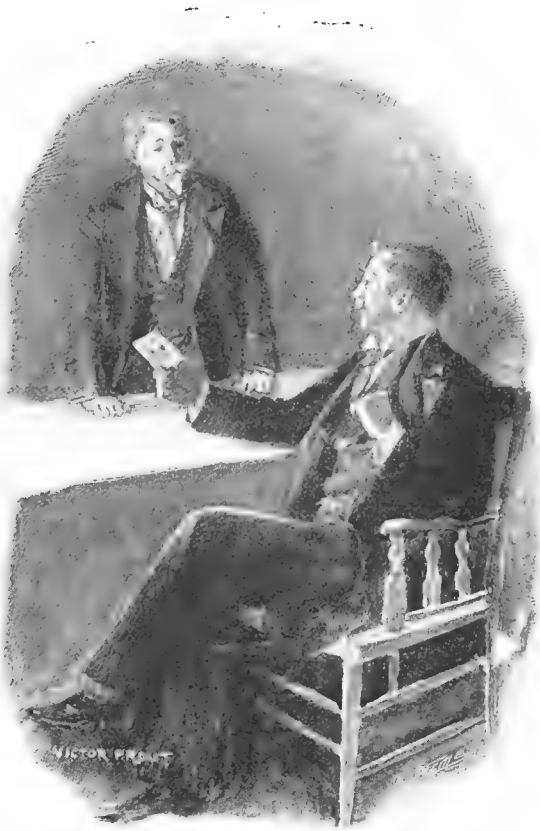
"I know you better than you know yourself," the other replied. Middlesborough shook his head.

"I am afraid not," he said, "or you would scarcely have come to me with such a request. Come, my good friend, confess that you have been dining, and that your proposition has no foundation save in a superior vintage."

"Alas! I grieve to say that what I have said is only too true," he answered—"how true, you can have no idea. But can we not come to an understanding without further argument? Perhaps if you were to see my daughter you would be more amenable. What would you say to putting aside prejudice and accompanying me into the country? There is a train at five o'clock. It could do you no harm, and, if it were nothing else, it would, at least, be the beginning of an adventure."

For a man who was always lamenting the monotony of his humdrum existence here was an opportunity indeed.

"Upon my word," said Middlesborough, in a bantering tone which was intended to conceal his desire to make the acquaintance of the owner of the glove he had picked up at Monte Carlo, "you are really a most agreeable man. You choose three o'clock in the morning to pay a call; then having induced me to let you in, you calmly propose that I shall marry a woman of whom I know nothing. Now you suggest that I should abandon what is left of my rest in order to accompany you into the country at such an unearthly hour as five o'clock."



"I am here to propose that you should marry her," he said.

Here his eyes returned to the miniature, which he still held in his hand. He was gradually coming to the conclusion that, after all, it might prove an amusement to see what the end of the adventure would be.

"To what part of the country is it you desire to conduct me?" he inquired. "I must know that before I promise to go with you."

"To the village of Todthorpe-by-the-Sea, on the Essex coast," the other replied. "It is a quiet little place, but just what I require.

Digitized by Google

No one knows me, and none of the inhabitants, when once they have settled down, ever seem to think of leaving it again. For that reason there can be no gossip in the outside world. There is a train from London Bridge at five o'clock, and if we catch it, I shall be able to give myself the pleasure of introducing you to my daughter. You can breakfast with us and be back in London by lunch time, if you please. Will you come with me or not?"

Middlesborough looked at the miniature again, as if to obtain inspiration from it. There could be no doubt of the relationship existing between the original and the man standing before him.

"The eyes have done it," he said to himself. "I'm going to see this adventure through, if only for their sake."

Then, turning to his visitor he said aloud: "For the humour of the thing I am willing to do as you ask, that is to say, so far as accompanying you to the place you mention goes. I don't pledge myself to anything further; please remember that."

"I will remember," said the other, gravely. "For some reason or other I did not think you would decline. Now let me wish you *au revoir*, until we meet upon the station platform at five o'clock."

"Until five o'clock then," said Middlesborough, and then, after a thousand apologies for having disturbed him at such an unseemly hour, the other took his departure.

When he had let him out, and had shut the door behind him, Middlesborough returned to his study and rang for his man. When the latter put in an appearance he informed him that he wished to catch a train at London Bridge at five o'clock.

"Very good, my lord," the man replied, and, without a trace of astonishment upon his face, departed to give the necessary instructions.

Middlesborough looked at his watch. It was now nearly a quarter to four.

"No use thinking of sleep," he said with a yawn. "When people arrange these sort of things for one's amusement, they should really have more respect for the time of day. I hope I shall be able to get a nap in the train, or I shall be fit for nothing when I get to Todthorpe-by-the-Sea."

Then he added as an afterthought, "I wonder what the end of this absurd business will be?"

CHAPTER VI.

The hands of the clock stood at five minutes to five, when Middlesborough alighted from his brougham in the courtyard at London Bridge Station. He purchased his ticket and inquired of a sleepy porter where he was to find the platform from which the train for Todthorpe-by-the Sea would start. When the man had directed him he set off in search of it. At such an hour the station was well nigh deserted, and when he reached the platform in question, only one figure was to be seen upon it. In this individual, however, Middlesborough had no difficulty in recognising his visitor of two hours before.

"I feel that I owe you ten thousand apologies for bringing you out at such an unearthly hour," the latter said, when they had greeted each other; "but the urgency of the case must be my excuse."

Middlesborough noticed that his companion had changed his clothes since he had last seen him, and that he now wore a long blue overcoat of fashionable shape. From this he gathered that he must be the possessor of rooms in town. One other point had also struck him long since, and that was the fact that the other had not yet told him his name. He said as much to him.

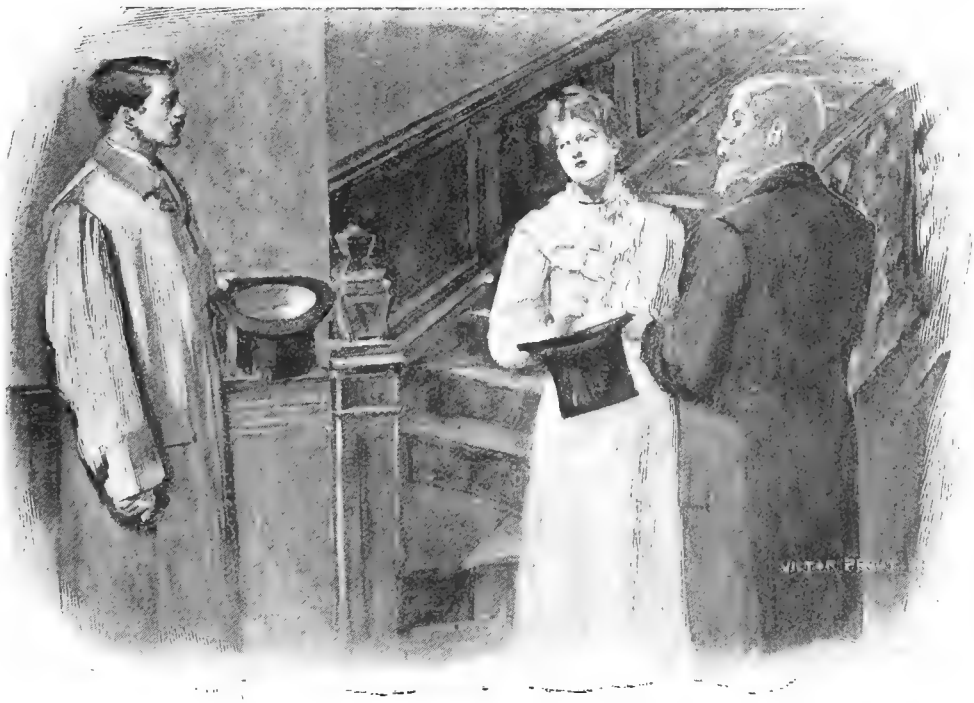
"I intentionally withheld it," the man replied. "It would have been detrimental to my interests had I declared my identity, and you had decided not to accede to my request. Now, however, I am at liberty to tell you. My name is De Tarvenac, and I believe it has the honour to be known in French history. As I have already told you, my daughter, Cécile, is the last of our race."

"So the name of the original of the miniature is Cécile," said Middlesborough to himself. It was a pretty name, and he found himself repeating it.

While they had been talking the train had crept into the station, and when they had made inquiries of the guard they entered a carriage, and took their seats. For the first hour they discussed a variety of subjects, but as the train rolled across the Essex Marshes, Middlesborough found himself smiling at the absurdity of his position. Had it been suggested to him twelve hours before that he would be accompanying an absolute stranger to a seaside village in Essex in order to inspect a girl for matrimonial purposes, of whom he had never even heard, he would have laughed the notion to scorn. As such, however, was the case, he was determined to get as much amusement out of the adventure as possible, and, having come to this conclusion, he settled down in his corner to sleep and to await further developments.

To his dismay, he found that it was a

Digitized by Google



Then her eyes fell upon Middlesborough, and she gave a little cry of astonishment.

longer and more tedious journey than he had expected. An hour after leaving London, and in the chilliest of dawns, they changed and embarked upon the little branch line which was to carry them to their destination. It is just possible, but it will be in the very far future, that Todthorpe-by-the-Sea may develope into a fashionable watering place. At present, however, it possesses but few claims to popularity. The outlook when one leaves the railway station, is an eminently cheerless one. It consists for the most part of the grey green waters of the North Sea, a range of wind-tossed sand-hills and a few stunted trees, behind which a village, consisting of perhaps fifty tiny cottages, nestles, as if hiding from the cutting breezes that sweep over it at all times of the year from the continent of Europe; and last, but not least, there is one long white road, which begins on the edge of the Northern horizon and stretches across to the south. Half a day's journey distant is Harwich with its fleet of fishing vessels, and its much advertised Continental service. There is as great a difference, however, between the two places, as exists between that town and its Dutch *confrère* across the water.

"This is scarcely the sort of place in which you would care to settle down, is it, Lord Middlesborough?" De Tarvenac inquired, as they left the station behind and started to walk along the dusty road towards the village.

Middlesborough laughed and shook his head.

"I fear not," he answered. "I am of the world, worldly. But there—who knows what a man may do? It is just possible I might be able to settle down even here, if I possessed the proper incentive. There have been times when I have found the silence of the African forests and the gloom of the Rockies soothing beyond expression. After all, happiness and contentment in this world are only matters of environment. On the prairies I can eat and enjoy pemmican; in Paris I should in all probability turn up my nose at caviare."

"I wonder if you really believe that happiness depends upon environment," said De Tarvenac, almost as if he were speaking to himself. "For my part, I disagree with you. In my opinion it depends almost entirely upon the past. That which we sow in youth we shall reap in old age, and our sins are visited upon those who least deserve to be punished for them. But pardon me for

Digitized by Google

talking in this fashion. I am offering you a sorry welcome to my house."

They passed through the village, and walked for upwards of half a mile on the other side of it. Then suddenly they found themselves confronted by a pair of large iron gates, on one side of which were to be seen all that remained of a building that had once been a lodge.

Seated on the doorstep of the latter was a small boy, who nursed a child almost as big as himself. Still side by side, Middlesborough and De Tarvenac passed up the drive, and approached a picturesque Elizabethan building they could see peeping through the trees.

"It is fortunate that my daughter is fond of a quiet life, is it not?" said her father, as they came face to face with the house itself. "I am afraid, however, she finds it very dull, poor girl."

"I should think so," Middlesborough replied with conviction. And as he said it, he thought instinctively of their first meeting at Monte Carlo. He remembered that when he had returned her glove to her he had been unable to reconcile her pale, sweet face with the roulette tables and the gambling crowd that surrounded them. He was still recalling that evening when they reached the house.

"Permit me to offer you a hearty welcome," said De Tarvenac, as they stood together on the threshold. Middlesborough thanked him.

Like most large dwellings of the period, this house was the possessor of a fine oak-panelled hall. From it a noble staircase ascended to the next floor, on the landing of which was a stained glass window, and through it a stream of colour descended to the hall below. Middlesborough was admiring the effect thus produced, when his ear caught the sound of a footstep on the polished steps of the stairs. A moment later he became conscious of a tall and graceful figure descending. The girl, for she was little more, was dressed from head to foot in white; she wore a white lace *fichu* round her neck, and long sleeves, which enveloped her arms above the elbow. As she stood before him, framed in the dark background of the staircase, with one tiny hand resting on the old oak balustrade, and the point of one tiny foot peeping beneath her white dress, Middlesborough thought he had never seen a fairer picture. Carolus Durand might have painted her; no one else would have done her justice. Her father met her at the foot of the stairs, and took her hands in his.

"How is it that you have returned so soon?" she asked, as she kissed him. "I did not expect you until this evening." Then her eyes fell upon Middlesborough, and she gave a little cry of astonishment. Her father noticed this and said,

"Can it be possible that you have met before?"

"We met at Monte Carlo," the young man replied. "Your daughter had dropped her glove, and I was fortunate enough to pick it up. That is all. I am glad to see, Mademoiselle, that you have done me the honour of remembering me."

"I remember you quite well, Monsieur," she replied, without a trace of embarrassment.

The formal ceremony of introduction having been accomplished, they passed into a room on the further side of the hall. It was a charming apartment, wide and lofty, with this advantage that, like the hall, the walls were panelled from floor to ceiling. The furniture of the house had been handed down from generation to generation intact. There were certain little French touches here and there, however, that Middlesborough instantly recognised and accounted for. Opposite the door were three large window-recesses with cushioned seats, and through the panes the morning sun streamed brightly in, falling upon the polished floor, and making the antique fender shine like so much gold. Outside, across the stretch of lawn and the fields beyond, the heavy foliage of a wood gave just the touch of coolness to the landscape that was wanting. There was an old-world air about it all, with which the tall, graceful figure in white harmonised very pleasantly.

"We left London at five o'clock this morning," said De Tarvenac by way of explanation. "We are consequently hungry. Do you think it would be possible to persuade your servants to push forward breakfast?"

"It shall be served as soon as possible," she replied.

With that she asked Middlesborough to excuse her, and departed from the room, and left the men alone together. After she had gone Middlesborough rose from his chair and strolled across the room to examine the handsomely carved mantelpiece. He considered himself a connoisseur of old oak, but he made this move more for the purpose of hiding his face from his companion for a few moments than for any other reason. De Tarvenac, who had noticed everything, said nothing. He had no desire to appear to be thrusting his daughter upon Middlesborough. Such a course would be fatal. He had

Digitized by Google

managed to lure him down from London, and he was preparing to leave the rest to Cécile's own personal charms. He proposed that they should walk in the garden while breakfast was being prepared.

When they were out of earshot of the house, Middlesborough stopped and turned to his companion.

"I want you to answer one question," he said. "Does Mademoiselle De Tarvenac know the reason of my presence here?"

"She does not," said her father. "I will pledge you my word upon that. She knows nothing more than that you are, what I took the liberty of describing you as, a friend."

"I cannot say that I shall be sorry when we return to France," she said.

Middlesborough was glad to hear this. Before he had seen her he had had an idea that she might possibly have been acting in collusion with her father. But he was now quite satisfied that she was not. For upwards of half-an-hour they paraded the grounds. In days gone by, it had been a delightful old place; now, however, it had fallen grievously from its high estate. The Park was sadly neglected, while of the Lady's Rose Garden, once so trim and neat, only a straggling wilderness remained. In the stables, where in bye-gone days a dozen horses might have found comfortable quarters, rats scuttled before the intruder's foot, while the Orchard and fruit-garden were so overgrown that it was impossible to distinguish the places where once the boundaries had been.

"To my thinking there is nothing sadder," said De Tarvenac, as they leaned upon the ricketty gate of the latter enclosure, and surveyed the general desolation, "than an old house of this class. Let us try to realise what it means. That ruin to our right was probably the dairy; there are the remains of the stables. At this gate Will, the groom and Moll, the dairymaid, must have flirted two hundred years ago. In yonder garden my lady walked and dreamed her dreams of that long line of descendants, who were to carry on this place through years and years, as yet unborn. And here we have the result. My lady and her lord, and Moll and her husband, with generations of descendants, lie in yonder churchyard, with even their great grandchildrens' graves forgotten, and still the old house stands, looking towards the cold, grey sea, as in all probability it will continue to do long after you and I have passed away

Google

and are forgotten, as they of whom I spoke just now!"

Middlesborough looked at him in surprise. He had not expected such a flow of sentiment from his companion. He was about to say something on the subject, when the flutter of a white dress in the shrubbery attracted his attention.

"It must be Cécile come to summon us to our *déjéuner*," said her father. "Let us go in."

They passed through the wicket gate, and crossed the lawn towards the house. Cécile met them on the threshold, and, putting her arm through her father's, led them to the dining-room.

It is very probable that if Middlesborough were asked to-day to describe the meal to which they then sat down, he would find it difficult to do so. He would probably remember that there was an omelette which was so light that he felt sure Cécile had prepared it with her own hands, and also that there was some coffee which she herself poured out, and which was, in consequence, like nectar for the gods. It is unlikely that he could tell you more, for the simple reason that he was too much absorbed in watching the girl seated opposite him to pay much attention to what he was eating.

The meal at an end, they returned to the garden. This time Cécile accompanied them. On the further side of the lawn there was an old pond, filled with water lilies; beyond this a rustic temple which the Comte de Tarvenac used as a writing room on warm days, and which, in consequence, had been placed in some sort of repair. They seated themselves under the shadow of the lime-trees and talked of Paris, of the sunny Mediterranean, and of the thousand and one other places with which they were familiar. The sunshine filtered through the leaves, and touched the white and gold of the lilies in the pond, upon the broad green leaves of which the dragon-flies poised themselves like creatures of a fairy world. Cécile had brought her needlework with her, and Middlesborough stole many a covert glance at her as she sewed. It was difficult to realise the grotesqueness of the situation. It cost Middlesborough, at least, an effort to believe that De Tarvenac had really called upon him at three o'clock that morning, and that he had only been introduced to Cécile two hours before.

It seemed to him that he had known her for years.

After a while De Tarvenac made an excuse and went into the house, leaving them alone together.

"I fear you must find Todthorpe very lonely, Mademoiselle," said Middlesborough, after the little pause that followed. "I really believe it is one of the quietest spots I have seen in all my wanderings."

"It is certainly a little quiet," Cécile replied, looking up from her work. "But when my father is with me, I do not mind that very much; I act as his secretary, and that keeps me well employed. I cannot say, however, that I shall be altogether sorry when we return to France."

"And have you any idea when that will be?" Middlesborough inquired.

"I have no notion," she answered. "As yet my father has said nothing to me about it. He is waiting for news, I think, and it may come at any moment."

The conversation then branched off into other channels. They talked of the theatres, few of which she visited, of music, of books, both French and English. The latter language, he discovered, she talked and read with ease. Then the conversation came somewhat nearer home.

"Lord Middlesborough," she said, "I hope you won't think me very rude, but I should so much like to ask you why you have never written a second book. Your first was so successful that surely it should have spurred you on to greater efforts."

"I fear, Mademoiselle, you are not as yet aware of my failings," Middlesborough replied, idly stripping the bark from a willow twig as he spoke. "I am contrariness personified. Had my first effort been less successful I might have tried my luck again. But for the reason that it received such unqualified, and, to my mind, such unmerited praise, I tired of it, and resolved never to try my hand again. In those few words you have the story of my life."

She looked at him gravely.

"You scarcely do yourself, or your talents, justice," she said. "I have noticed, even in the short time I have known you, that you continually belittle yourself in the eyes of other people."

"It may be so," he answered. "But you on your side must not err upon the other side. Let me assure you that I am neither humble nor modest. Far from it, as I fear you may presently find out. If the truth must be told, I am a riddle even to myself. As the Turkish proverb says, 'Man is a bundle of contradictions, tied together with fancies.'"

"Is it not a Persian saying?" she asked, without any pretence of appearing learned.

Digitized by Google

That evening Middlesborough went to a reception at the French Ambassador's.

Google

"Of course it is," he answered. "You are quite right. It was foolish of me to make the mistake."

For some reason her correction pleased him. More than once he had noticed the extent of her learning, and now he could not refrain, rude as it might seem, from commenting upon the fact.

"I owe it all to my father," she said gravely. "He is a great scholar, and has directed my studies since I was a child."

"You are fortunate in possessing such a parent," Middlesborough continued. "Few people have such an opportunity."

When De Tarvenac returned, Middlesborough looked at him with a new interest. Clever man as he had hitherto supposed him to be, he had no idea that he had employed his learning to so much advantage. They talked for a while, after which Middlesborough looked at his watch, and was surprised to find that the greater portion of the morning had slipped away. If he desired to return to town, it was little more than a hour before his train would start. As ill-luck would have it, there was not another until late in the afternoon.

"I fear I really *must* go," he answered reluctantly in reply to De Tarvenac's cordial invitation to remain. "I have an appointment this afternoon which it is most important I should keep. May I ask, Mademoiselle," he added with a humility that was by no means customary with him, "if you will permit me to pay you another visit?"

"We shall be very glad to see you," the girl replied.

"If you will allow me I will walk with you as far as the station," said De Tarvenac. "Perhaps, since you must catch this train, we had better be starting."

Middlesborough bade Cécile goodbye, and a few minutes later, they were strolling along the high road in the direction of the railway station. It was not until they had reached the platform, that De Tarvenac returned to the object of his guest's visit.

"I am going to ask you, point blank, Lord Middlesborough," he said "whether, now that you have seen Cécile, you are prepared to accept my offer or not?"

"I scarcely know what to say," the other replied, drawing patterns in the gravel with his stick. "It is all so sudden—so unexpected, that I am unable to weigh the matter carefully. You must give me more time. When may I see your daughter again?"

"Whenever you like," De Tarvenac replied. "The sooner the better. As I have already pointed out to you, there is no time to lose. It is impossible to say when I may leave England. For all I know to the contrary, it may be this week."

"In that case, if you will allow me, I will come down to-morrow. I will not disguise from you, sir, that I am extremely interested in your daughter. When you placed your offer before me this morning, I treat d it in the light of an adventure, and resolved to see it through in that light. Since I *have* seen her, however, I have become more serious in my attentions. I pay you the compliment of saying that I have never met anyone who I would so willingly make my wife."

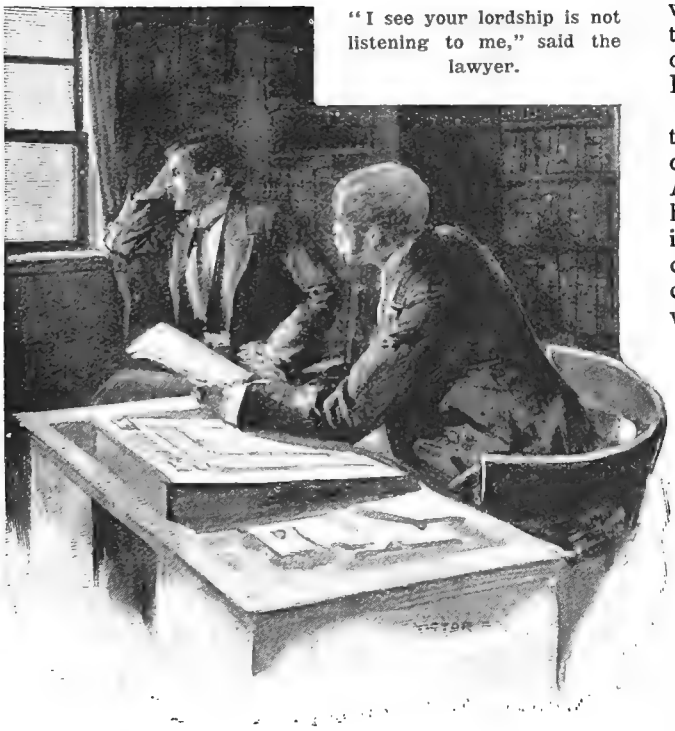
"I am glad to hear that," replied the Count, gravely. "Come down to-morrow by all means. Afterwards you may be able to give me a more definite answer."

A few minutes later, Middlesborough took his place in the carriage, the whistle sounded, the train started, and he was on his way back to London. When he reached town, he drove direct to his club, lunched, and then went on to his lawyers' offices. For upwards of two hours he was compelled to give his attention to business, which appeared to his solicitors of paramount importance, but bored him consumedly. From where he sat he could look through the wire blinds into a dingy little courtyard, black with the soot and dirt of London. In his mind's eye, he was picturing a garden with a pond in which the water lilies grew. Beside it was a summer-house, before which sat a girl dressed in white, hemming a cambric handkerchief. He had been thinking of that girl a good deal since he had left her, and was gradually coming to the conclusion that, after all, his loss of rest on the previous night had been well repaid by his visit to the seaside. He could not remember ever having seen a face so fair, or to have heard a voice so sweet.

"The computed rent of the three farms, therefore, at that reckoning, would be eleven hundred pounds," his lawyer was saying; "while the sum offered by the company in question would be—but I see your lordship is not listening to me. If I might suggest a little—"

"My dear Bennett, I must beg your pardon," said Middlesborough with great suavity, "I confess for the moment my thoughts were elsewhere. Your arguments are, of course, irrefutable and I beg you will act in the matter as you may think best for my benefit. I know I can leave myself in your hands."

Digitized by Google



"I see your lordship is not listening to me," said the lawyer.

"I thank your lordship for the compliment you pay me," Bennett replied, "but, as you are aware, the responsibility is a very great one, and it is not of yourself alone I have to think. We must bear the fact in mind that, in all probability, you will some day marry. In that case, if all goes well, as I trust it may, you will probably have a son, whose interests as your heir, must, of course, be considered. That is why I am endeavouring to prove to you the advisibility of adopting the course I suggest."

Middlesborough started. He had not looked at the matter in this light. It was a new idea, and for some reason it was not altogether distasteful to him. The question of marriage had, of course, come before him on many different occasions, but hitherto it had always been distasteful to him. He argued that he had never yet discovered the woman he would care to make his wife. A fashionable lady, who attended Drawing Rooms, and who would be as willing to live in Greenland for six months, as out of London for three, would be unbearable; the daughters of country squires, who wore thick boots, could tell the weight of a pig at a glance, and whose talk was redolent of the stables and the kennels, disgusted him; while the literary woman, the blue stockings, or the artless child of nature, were out of the question altogether. How different was Cécile!

That evening he dined with the Home Secretary, and went on to a reception at the French Ambassador's afterwards. When he left Todhorpe he had no intention of going, but for a certain reason he had suddenly changed his mind. The truth was he wanted to ask a question of the Ambassador, a question which had suddenly come to be of paramount importance to him. To find the opportunity, however, when he got there was somewhat more difficult. The crush of people was so great, and the Ambassador was kept so constantly engaged, that it was not until late in the evening that Middlesborough obtained the chance he wanted.

"By the way, Baron," he said, when they were standing alone together for a few moments, "I have a question to ask you. If there is any man who can answer it, you are he."

"I'll answer half a hundred, with pleasure, if you like," replied the polite representative of La Belle France. "What is the particular question?"

"I want you to tell me whether, by any chance, you happen to be acquainted with an individual named De Tarvenac?" Middlesborough answered almost nervously. "If so, I am anxious to hear all you can tell me about him."

"That is very easily done," the other replied. "I have known the man you refer to for many years. He is of good family, and was at one time the possessor of considerable wealth. The greater portion of his fortune, however, has, I believe, since been lost. He is an inveterate gambler. If what I have lately heard of him is correct, he is at present on the verge of ruin. The case is the sadder for the reason that I understand he possesses a beautiful daughter."

The Ambassador glanced at Middlesborough's face as he said this.

"Ah, my young friend," he said to himself, "I think I can understand the reason of these inquiries. It would seem as if the

Digitized by Google

blasé Middlesborough has been caught at last. Well, well, I always said it would be so." Then he added aloud: "Pray, how do you happen to have met the man we are discussing?"

"I made his acquaintance for the first time this morning," the other replied. "He struck me as being a particularly interesting man."

"He is," the Ambassador replied, "a most interesting man. At one time it was thought that, like yourself, he would have come to the front in the political world. But fate was against him. He lacked the one necessary quality—patience. Now, if you will excuse me, I mu-t return to my duties. If I can help you in any other way, you have only to command me."

Having no further reason for remaining, Middlesborough left the Ambassador's residence. There were several other houses open to him, but he did not avail himself of his privilege. When his footman inquired in which direction he desired to be driven, he replied, "Home," and settled himself down in the corner of the brougham to think. It seemed to him that in the last twenty-four hours the whole current of his life had been changed. Never before had a woman obtained such an influence over him. Combat it as he would, argue with himself as diplomatically as he might, the fact remained that he had at last met the one woman of all others he would care to make his wife.

Reaching his house, he went into the study and lit a cigar. As the fragrant smoke rose into the air, strange thoughts thronged the young man's brain. At last he rang the bell for his valet.

"Perkins," he said to that staid individual, "I am leaving London to-morrow morning. Have my things ready by eight o'clock, will you?"

"For Paris, sir?" the man inquired.

"No," his master replied, "not for Paris. I am going down to a little village on the Essex coast, called Todthorpe-by-the-Sea. It is not a very lively sort of place, I believe, but such as it is, you must make the best of it. I don't know how long we shall be away, but you had better prepare for at least a week."

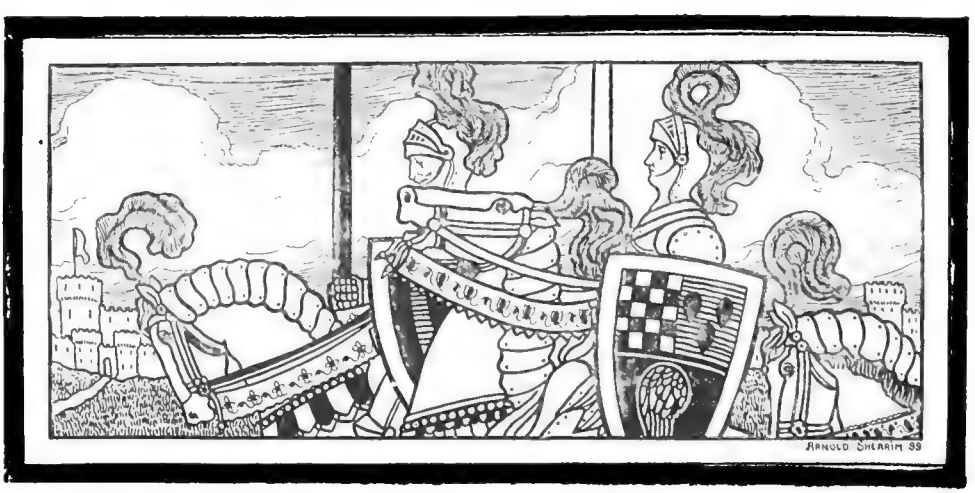
The man bowed and left the room. He wou'd have packed for Spitzbergen with as few words.

"I wo ider what he's up to now?" he said to himself as he made his way upstairs. "Todthorpe-by-the-Sea, who ever heard of such a place? Well, well, I suppose I shall find out what it's all about before very long. I always get to know in the long run."

A m·n may be no hero to his valet, but there are times when he may become a big mystery to him.

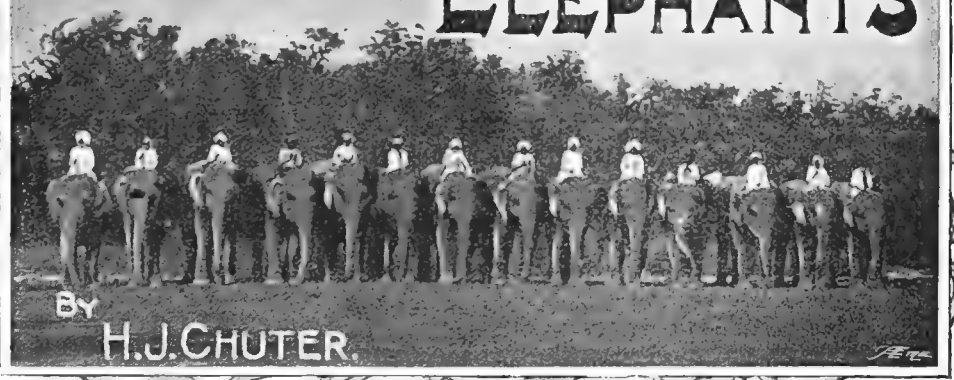
When Middlesborough got into bcd he reviewed the situation for the hundredth time. There was only one thing which caused him any uneasiness. Remembering the unquestioning obedience that French daughters are accustomed to render their parents in such matters, he had every reason to suppose that, should he do as De Tarvenac desired, he would be successful in his suit; in that case, what would Madame d'Espere say when she heard of his marriage?

(To be continued.)



Digitized by Google

BRITAIN'S FIGHTING ELEPHANTS



BY H. J. CHUTER.

PERHAPS the most curious corps in the Indian Army is what is officially known as the Heavy Battery, in other words, the elephant artillery —a corps of heavy men, heavy elephants, heavy bullocks, and heavy guns and ammunition. It is very doubtful whether this remarkable brigade would be of much use anywhere except on the plains of India, although the guns, which have a very long range, are just the kind that would have proved invaluable in a campaign such as is at present being waged in South Africa. Unfortunately, however, the elephants, bullocks, and guns are too conspicuous and unwieldy for such warfare, and would prove absolutely useless among the hills of Natal or on the rugged, undulating plains of Cape Colony. In case, however, of a rebellion in Central India, the heavy brigade would doubtless do good service, but as it has as yet never had a chance of distinguishing itself, I will not hazard any rash prophecy. I must content myself here with chronicling the life and doings of the military elephant in times of peace.

And truly these leviathans are a most interesting study. It is said that the eye is the window of the soul, and if this be true, the elephantine eye is the exception that proves the rule. Compare it with the bullock's eye; the latter is large, soft brown, and full of pathos, yet the animal itself is perhaps more utterly devoid of intelligence and feeling than even the idiotic sheep. On the other hand, the small pig-like orb of the elephant seems directly to contradict his large, affectionate, reasonable nature. But the military authorities know him and treat him as he deserves, his life being ordered and regulated almost as though he were a human soldier. He is subject to stringent military discipline; he has his kit and accoutrement; he parades for his rations; goes on route-marches, salutes the officers, and does fatigue duties, such as carrying luggage or trampling down the mud tennis-courts in lieu of a steam-roller. Each elephant is, moreover, provided with a record of service, age, height, character, and so on, and their defaulter sheets are kept like a soldier's. For punishment awaits any breach of regulations, and this means depriving him (it would be little short of disrespectful to use

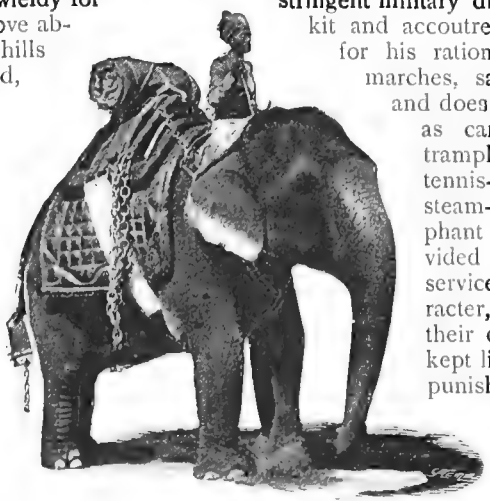


Photo by H. J. Chuter.

An Elephant in War Paint.

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

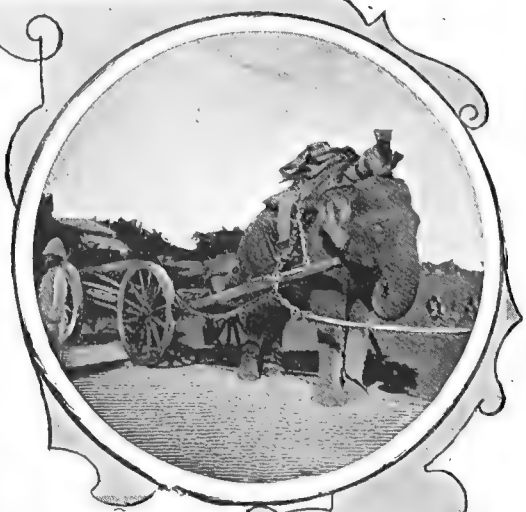
Digitized by Google

A military elephant saluting by raising his trunk.

the neuter pronoun when speaking of the elephant) of special dainties, such as cakes and sugar-cane, in case of slight offences, while graver sins merit a severe thrashing, administered by a fellow elephant with a heavy iron chain.

Casually viewed, the elephant's home resembles nothing so much as a long row of giant railway tunnel openings, their stable being built with high arches to each stall. In front of the stable is a broad, square space, known as the Elephant Lines, and here the animals are picketed in two rows, each unit being fastened to his allotted place by an ankle-chain. That this fastening business is a mere matter of form is proved by the fact that the elephants themselves place the rings on their feet. Appearances must be kept up, and they are the first to recognise this. It is in the Elephant Lines that they take their green fodder, the serving out of which is a lengthy but amusing proceeding. Two and two, the elephants go up to the ration-stand, and when the fodder has been secured with ropes to their backs, the drivers mount on the top of the pile, and off swing our friends, the pleasures of anticipation giving an extra spring to their usual leisurely gait. When they have reached their places in the lines, the fodder is unloaded, and after fastening themselves up according to regulations, they proceed to demolish the bundles—an operation which lasts for the rest of the day.

But even more interesting than the parade for green fodder is the parade for chuppatis—chuppatis being the peculiar kind of cake which forms the elephant's other meal. Ranged in a long line, the solemn animals wait patiently until each driver has unrolled his bundle and placed a share of the cakes close beside the trunk of his special elephant. The little eyes twinkle, the large ears flap; and the animals edge each other, shuffle about with their feet, and wave their trunks hither and thither, now playfully flicking a neighbour's ear, now sniffing at a neighbour's chuppatis. When at length the word has gone to start feeding it



A famous member of the Indian Army.

Copyright Stereo-Photos of Underwood & Underwood.

An Elephant Battery on Parade.

Digitized by Google

is highly comic to watch the various antics and mannerisms. The men roll up the cakes and hand them to the elephants, who take them daintily in the curve of the trunk and dispose of them, each according to his special fancy. One will tear his chuppatis in two, and gloat some time over it before putting it away; another will toss his share piecemeal into his capacious mouth; a third will slyly watch his opportunity to filch a bit from his neighbour, and thus draw on his head a sound scolding from the driver, who makes him return the spoil. They say that the elephants know the exact weight and number of

The Ammunition Train for an Elephant Battery.

Military Elephants bringing in their Driver's Firewood.

chuppatis they should have, and absolutely refuse to take anything less than their due.

When the meal is over the drivers stand at attention and await the jemadar's, or head man's, command. "Prepare to mount!"—at the word all trunks are thrust out, as footholds, and the men jump upon them holding on to the huge ears. "Mount!"—and up the drivers scramble, using the wrinkles of the trunk like the rungs of a ladder. In a twinkling they are all seated in their accustomed places on the animals' necks, and slowly the procession files in front of an orderly officer, each elephant saluting him as he passes.

Another important ceremony is the daily watering and scrubbing. With diminutive buckets dangling at their mouths, the elephants trot in twos and threes down to the watering-place, often stopping to pick up casual acquaintances of the drivers, who clamber aloft by whatever promontories seem to offer the best foothold. Once at the watering place, the elephants paddle about the wet stones, taking an occasional sip of water—that

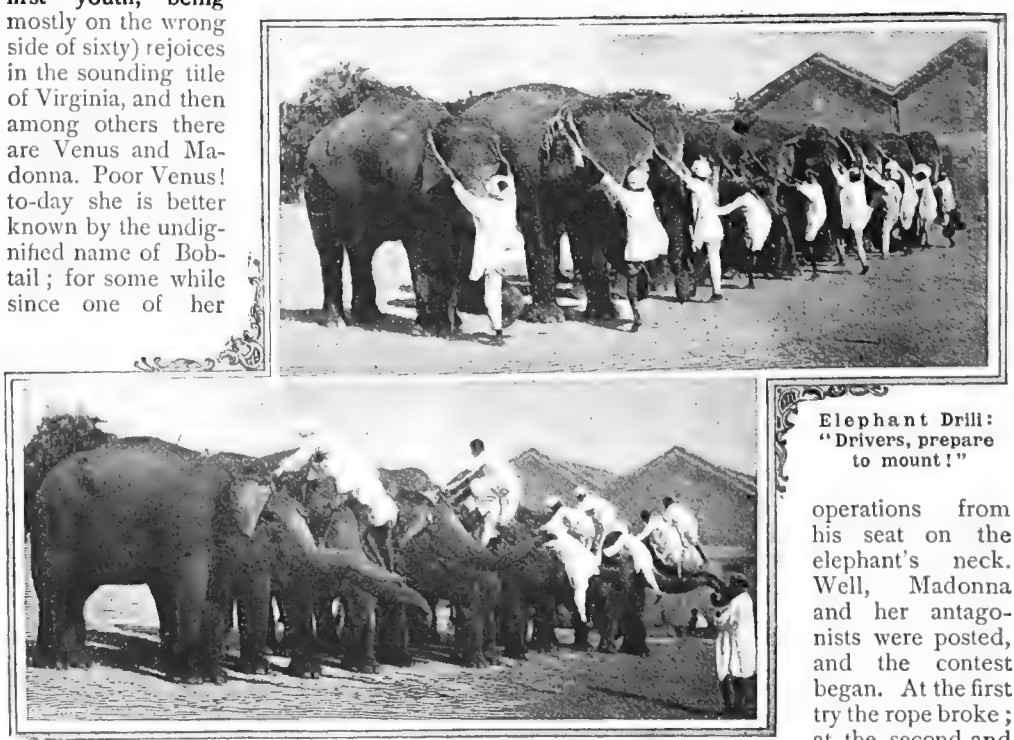
Copyright Stereo-Photos of Underwood & Underwood.

Unloading.

Google

is to say, an occasional bucketful—while the drivers scrub their leathery hides with a good-sized brick. The energetic sluicing and scrubbing is accompanied by a running fire of endearments, abuse, and directions; and it is wonderful to see the unwieldy monsters sidling about so as to bring various parts of their anatomy before the driver as he directs.

I am not aware who was responsible for the christening of our military elephants; the man, however, must have been a wag in his way, for the names are quite delightfully incongruous. One venerable lady elephant (they are all past their first youth, being mostly on the wrong side of sixty) rejoices in the sounding title of Virginia, and then among others there are Venus and Madonna. Poor Venus! to-day she is better known by the undignified name of Bobtail; for some while since one of her sisters-in-arms, tempted by an evil spirit, bit off the tip of her tail.



Photos by H. J. Chuter.

"Mount!"

Elephant Drill: "Drivers, prepare to mount!"

As a justification of her name, Madonna, in her innocent youth, may have displayed various saint-like qualities. If so, they have long since been worn away by contact with this wicked world; for Madonna, I regret to say, has a very naughty and unaccountable temper; she is full of freaks and fancies, and can never be relied upon. On one of her bad days she was delegated to take a set of officers to a shooting party. The driver, who had previously had some trouble with her, warned the men to look out for danger. Sure enough Madonna soon began her antics. She did her best to dislodge the seat fastened on to her back, but failing to achieve immediate success, waited until half way across a river, and then shook her hide with such vigour and determination that the whole party were pitched into the water, after which performance she coolly trotted home again.

On another occasion Madonna turned nasty at the battery sports. The principal event of the day was to be a tug-of-war, elephant *versus* man—one elephant against as many men as could hold on to the rope, the driver directing operations from his seat on the elephant's neck. Well, Madonna and her antagonists were posted, and the contest began. At the first try the rope broke; at the second and third the same thing happened, greatly to the amusement of the onlookers. But evidently Madonna failed to see the joke; in fact, she was distinctly offended, holding doubtless such an exhibition to be quite beneath her dignity. At the fourth pull she gave a tug or two, then, with indignant trumpeting, turned tail, still holding on to the rope (which, it is needless to say, the soldiers had to drop), and made a dash through the line of spectators, frightening horses, trampling down tents, and scattering everything before her. She did not stop in her headlong career until she had covered some fifteen miles or so, when, her

Digitized by Google

Parade for Chuppatis or Food: "Dress by your right!"

Orderly Officer Inspects: "Attention!"

temper having cooled, she returned to the lines, her usual placid self.

I think the many snappy little terriers that are always to be found round cantonments are often responsible for these spells of ill-temper. Elephants detest small dogs; indeed, by the way they fidget and turn their eyes, and try to escape when one is near, you would almost fancy them afraid of their small tormentors, who love to snarl, and generally play the fool round the elephant's feet.

"Feed!"

Twice a week in summer-time it is the elephants' duty to take the men down to the river for bathing parade. They are equipped for this purpose with seats fastened lengthways to their backs and holding four men with comfort. The beasts thoroughly enjoy themselves on these occasions, wallowing about and

Copyright Stereo-Photos of Underwood & Underwood,

Mounting by the Trunk.

Mounting by the Tail.

Google

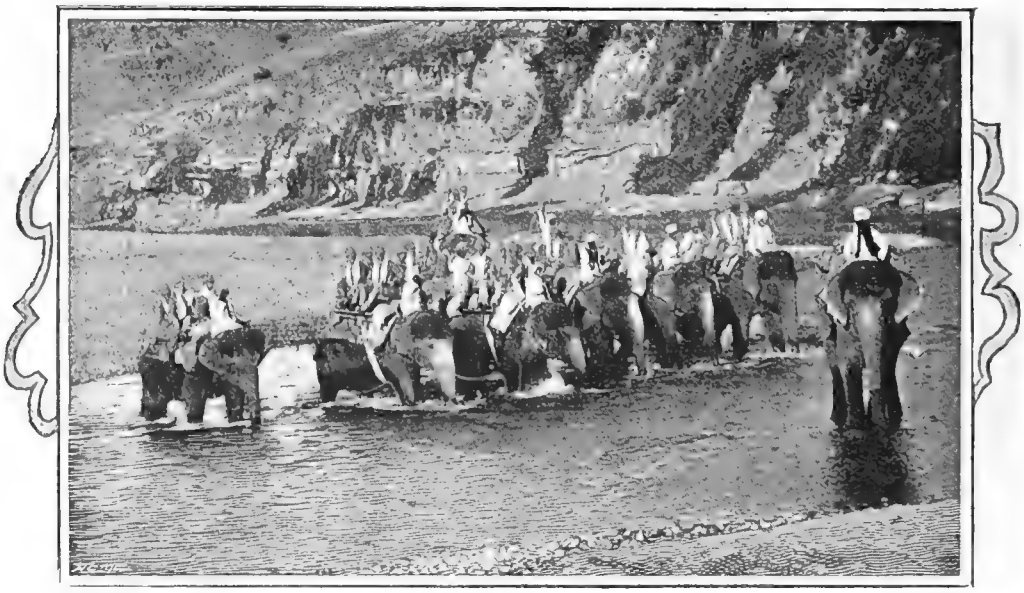


Photo by H. J. Chuter.

An Elephant Battery Returning from Bathing, with Soldiers upon their backs.

tossing the water over each other like so many children. Indeed, their fondness for water not infrequently leads to awkward results. One hot summer's day the Heavy Battery was out route-marching when, as they were crossing a river, the elephants with one accord (they seemed to have settled the matter between themselves beforehand) stopped in the middle of the water and refused to budge an inch. The drivers tried persuasion, threats, whacks—all in vain. For three whole days the rebels wallowed in the river, and returned home only at the imperative call of hunger.

It is queer that so pachydermatous an animal as the elephant should suffer in the feet, but such is the case. If not carefully tended, and occasionally pared and rasped, the cuticle gives the beasts much suffering. Docile and wise, they seem to know that the tedious operation of rasping and paring is for their good. Without offering a single objection they will, at a word from the driver, get into the required position, and lie patiently while being operated upon.

Should an elephant die, or become incapacitated, its place is filled up by another from the ranks of the commissariat elephants, six of which are kept as a reserve and made use of for transport purposes. I hear it said that the Heavy Battery may at any time be broken up—a great pity; but I suppose its usefulness is hardly sufficient to justify the enormous cost of its maintenance.

Photo by H. J. Chuter.

A Delicate Operation—Cutting an Elephant's Toe-Nails.

Google

The Reward of Battle

By John Le Breton.

It was a Sunday afternoon in midsummer, and beyond the shade of the trees, the sun burned on the air and grass, and sucked at the earth until it seemed to gape for rain. Beside the old mulberry tree in Farmer Dewney's homefield, Ben and Adam faced each other in open enmity. A cow stood near, looking on with the placid interest of a bystander having no prejudice in favour of each party. The farm was blocked out of sight by the great ricks in the yard, and the blackberry hedge shut off the lads from the lane beneath. Few passed that way on a Sunday afternoon, for lovers went to the woodlands, and the other villagers spent their rest in talking over the affairs of Europe and Ashcrane.

Ben was a fine, strong fellow, with a broad, honest face. It was he who had won the prizes for wrestling, hurling, and weight-lifting at the Whitsun sports of Ashcrane, Stonehurst, and Craneston-cum-Cowley. Adam was shorter by two inches and of slighter build, but smart and lithe, a man whom a cavalry officer would have picked out as the making of an ideal hussar.

Suddenly Ben advanced a foot nearer to his adversary, who stood his ground resolutely.

"I tell ee tha shaant speak to Lu," he said.

"And I tell ee I shall," retorted Adam.

"Then we'll see. If ee be a better man nor me—show it."

Adam slowly took off his coat. Ben followed the example quickly, grinning angrily as he did so.

"Jest ter show Lu 'oo's the better man," he said.

"Ef 'ee whops me now t'won't mak 'ee tha better man. I won't give 'er up nohow."

"I'm mak' 'ee sing a different toon pretty soon, ma lad;" and he launched a heavy fist at the other's head. Adam escaped it by jumping backward, and pursued by Ben, he half-circled the tree, the few blows that fell, only bruising his fending arms.

Ben put his great, brown hand down.

"Be this yeer a foot-match or what?" he enquired.

"Wait a whoile, and maybe I'll show 'ee."

"Stand up loike a man ef 'ee be one!" cried Ben, and striking out again, he just managed to get through his opponent's guard and hit him on the breast. Adam staggered back, and Ben swung round his right fist so that it came like a sledge-hammer on Adam's left ear and sent him down with a crash.

For a moment he lay on the grass, dazed. Then springing up he abandoned his defensive tactics, hitting out at his foe with such fury that in turn he drove him back, the blood spurting from Ben's nose as a sound thwack alighted on it. Then the heavier man rallied and by his weight bore Adam down.

The old cow in a fright had retreated some twenty yards, but now she returned step by step and watched them inquisitively. The fight went on, Adam continually falling and becoming weaker and weaker. His shirt was stained with blood, his eyes were closing, and his good-looking face was rapidly taking on the appearance of a hideous mask. Ben was marked too, but he was fresh and active.

"'Ave 'ee 'ad enough?" he asked as he delivered a knock-down blow.

"No, an' I never shall," gasped Adam,

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

Adam staggered back, and Ben swung round his right fist.

striving to regain his feet only to be promptly sent to ground again.

"You'll kill 'im, Ben! 'A' done now," cried a girlish voice authoritatively.

Ben looked up and became aware of a dark-eyed rose-hued face peeping over the hedge.

"Dan'l me ef it ain't Lu!" he muttered sheepishly.

Lu squeezed herself through a gap and came toward them.

"Let 'im saay I'm t' better man then," said Ben sturdily.

"Anyone can see that," said Lu, looking with disgust at the misused face of the vanquished one.

"He's not," panted Adam, trying to struggle up again; but Ben merely pushed him down with open hand.

"It be a shaame an' a disgrace a-foightin' loike this, an' on a Sunday aarternoon too," observed Lu indignantly. "What'll folk saay?"

"That I've gi'n 'im a blaamed good 'iding," replied Ben with surly glee.

"Yew be no better man. I'll fight 'ee agen termorrer," wheezed Adam.

"Ef there be any more foightin', I'll never speak to 'ee more," announced Lu. Apparently, she had no sympathy with either combatant, yet she was curiously annoyed.

"'E won't waant no more," observed Ben; and then, "Comin' fer a walk, Lu?"

"No! I be ashamed of 'ee both," and she walked back to the hedge, and began to make her way into the lane.

Ben watched her, shamefaced.

"But I reckon 'ee won't say that arter I cleaned meself," he called out.

"I will!" she answered, turning, and looking at him defiantly.

Adam crawled up to the tree, and propped himself against it.

"Lu!" he cried.

"Don't 'ee speak ter me," she said pettishly, "I hate a man as can't take 'is own part, that I do. I'd die afore I'd be licked!"

"So'd I, Lu," agreed Ben cheerfully.

"Yew," she said contemptuously, "ef I was a man, I'd lick 'ee same as yew licked 'im, jest so's yew shouldn't crow!"

"'Twas all for 'ee, Lu," he answered, humbly.

"For me! I wouldn't ha' the best of 'ee for a gift!"

She slipped through the hedge lithely and disappeared. Ben offered his foe assistance, and, being refused, he strode away holding his handkerchief to his face. As for Adam, he waited until darkness set in, and then limped home and up to his room, but not before his young brothers, Isaac and John, had caught sight of him.

"Look at our Adam!" Isaac shouted.

"'E've bin foightin'," came from the observant John.

"'Ere, mother, see 'is face, it's wuss nor jorache. Goo! Adam, 'ee be a fair sickenin' soight, so 'ee be!"

"Faather, some'un's bin givin' 'oor Adam a whoppin'. 'Oo is't Adam?"

Digitized by Google

"Ben, 'e's giv' Oliver's Adam a great whoppin'," was rumoured all through the village; and Ben was courted as victors are, and took liberties with his fame, and contradicted everyone on every subject under the sun.

"I'll wed Lu insoide o' six months," he would prophesy, "and what be more, I'll foight any man in the three villages for 'er."

Adam met Lu by the lower turnpike gate about ten days after the fight. His face had almost regained its natural shape, but his eyes were yet shadowed with brown and green bruises. He barred her way, and she stood before him without speaking.

"I ain't done with 'im yet, Lu," he said at last, "I'll win 'ee ef I foight for 'ee every week."

"Oh! will 'ee now?"

"Ess," he said, "ef I've every limb broke over the job, I'll win 'ee. Ef I had to stoomp on me knees wi' both legs off, I'll win 'ee."

"Then 'ee won't, Adam Oliver! Now I've seen ye wi' yer black eyes, and yer ugly faace, I want no truck with 'ee. And ef 'ee legs was off, I'd laugh at 'ee, I would."

Next day Ben came to the ten-acre barley field where Adam was having his dinner.

"Dan'l that theer Lu," he said, morosely.

Adam jumped up and prepared to renew hostilities.

"Yew speak more respeckful loike of her," he exclaimed.

"Stop it, Adam," Ben said, "we be both in t' same boat. She won't 'ave me, and when I taanted 'er as she'd 'ave yew, she up and said she fair 'ated the two on us. I be gooin' abroad. 'Bout 'ereabouts is no plaace for us wi' er' ere. I be goin' to the Cape o' Good 'Ope, and I coom to ask 'ee ter go with me."

Three of the Zulus were attacking his friend.

Adam stared. "What be 'ee going to do theer?" he demanded.

"Pick an' choose. I heerd as they want workin' lads, and I've got that hunder poonds me grandfer left me, so ef 'ee'll coom, too, I'll pay tha passage for 'ee."

Adam pondered over the invitation for a while, and then he said:

"It be koindly meant, Ben, and I think I'll coom."

"Don't ee think, man; say coom. I writ for me hunder poonds and there be a steamer gooing every fortnit."

Digitized by Google

"I'll give ee the answer termorrer," Adam said.

"I'll see ee termorrer," and the conqueror departed.

If Adam consented to go, well and good; but Ben did not intend to leave his rival behind him. In the evening, Adam went to see Lu. Her mother came to the door, a little, shrivelled, old woman, whose mocking speeches had aroused many a dull-witted villager to a feeling of injury.

"Lu in, Mum?" he asked.

"Come to ask 'er ef she see any green in yer eye?" enquired the old woman, laughing in her unmerry way.

"No, I ain't, mum," he answered sturdily.

"'Ere, Lu," she called up the stairs, "Oliver's Adam be coom to see 'ee. 'E waants ee ter keep Ben off'n 'im, lest he gets another whoppin'."

Lu came down, and out on to the red-tiled path that divided the narrow cottage gardens. She flushed as her mother jeered at the lad.

"Well?" she asked, without looking at him.

"I be coom ter say 'good-bye,' Lu."

"Good-bye."

"'E dunno wheer I be goin' to."

"And I don' care," she answered impatiently.

"I be goin' ter Cape o' Good 'Ope for good."

"Better'n stayin' 'ere for bad."

"Do 'ee waant me ter go?" he asked.

"I don' waant 'ee ter stay," she said.

He left her without another word, and went down the garden path, the old woman's shrill laugh pursuing him. One week later, he was in London with Ben, and a week after that they were both on their way to the Cape.

At the time when they landed, war with the Zulus was imminent, and without waiting to pick and choose peaceful labour as they had intended, Ben and Adam joined Weatherley's Horse and went to the front. In three months, they were used to fighting when falling was the end, for the black warriors gave no quarter; and Adam came to know what it meant to wait, silent and quivering, while hidden beyond were the hordes of foemen who must soon be met in the clash of war. Yet when the action began and death was rampart among them, he, like the rest who had waited in agony, gloried in the wild rush upon the enemy, the firing, hewing and cutting, with never a thought of self-preservation, and possessed only of the one desire—to kill.

On March 28, 1879, Weatherley's Horse with other troops, and Colonel Buller in command, was ordered to ascend the Zlobane Mountains, for scouts had brought news of a large quantity of cattle there. In the night, with the great gloom of the mountains louring in the darkness before them, the ascent was commenced over a difficult path. Exulting they neared the summit just as dawn burst magnificently upon the dusky heavens. Then the copper-hued edge of the sun, peered up and shone on the accoutrements of the men, flashing upon sword-hilts and glittering upon the metal of the harness.

"Seems a'most loike stealing, Ben," said Adam as they rode together.

"Caan't steal from them blacks," said Ben, "loike enough they stole the beasties first, and stolen goods never do profit the thief."

"What ef them Zulus coomed down Ashcrane and stole Faarmer Dewney's caddle?"

"That be diff'rent. I'm main sorry there won't be no fightin'. My sword-arm be achin' for 't."

There was a call from the front, and then the sharp rattle of horses hoofs, a few puffs of smoke from behind the boulders ahead, a closing-up from the rear and a falling-back from the van, so that men massed in momentary confusion. The shots came faster and horses reared and fell, and men dropped while still the puffs of smoke bloomed out like great evanescent blue-white flowers among the rocks, high and low, from one side and then another; a very garden of sudden death.

"Forward;" came the word of command; and the line loosened and rode on until the Zulus left ambush and barred the road, and pouring down the mountain sides, threatened to envelope the column and cut off its retreat.

The British had been surprised by an entire impi, headed by Dubalmanzi, one of the most noted of their chiefs. Meeting the advance in body, the Zulus charged down, assegai in hand. Then came the order to return, but almost before it was given, the soldiers were in full retreat, for the Zulus were among our men, thrusting and hacking, pulling them from their horses and despatching them upon the ground. The whites fought desperately, while their frantic steeds reared and bit, and struggled for dear life; and each man, almost unconsciously, strove to gain the plain below. In all the raging of blood and horror gallant deeds were done. Many a soldier gave up his life

Google

to save a comrade, and there was many a turning back to the rescue when to turn meant death.

It was the horses now that sought the safety of the plain beneath, for their riders thought no more of escape. Side by side Adam and Ben fought on, missing death by miracles they never knew. Once, when an assegai had almost reached Ben's throat, a thrust of Adam's sword had driven impotence to the assailant's arms. As the Zulus closed up, Ben was wounded in the bridle-arm, but, clinging to the saddle by his knees, he forced his way on until Adam cried to him from the rear. Turning his horse with his sword-hilt pressed against its neck, he leapt back to where three of the Zulus were attacking his friend. "Slash" went his sword into one of them, and the broad chest of his horse sent the others down. With a mighty effort he dragged Adam into the saddle before him, and, turning again, fled.

Somehow they reached the plain where already a few of their comrades had assembled, and were forming up and firing into the enemy, who now held off. Those of the British who had fallen were long since dead, and sadly and savagely the survivors rode away, Adam fainting, almost dying upon a led horse. Only forty out of 250 soldiers who had climbed the mountain answered the roll-call; and men wept and cursed because they had been spared, and longed to return and die battling that they might avenge their slaughtered comrades. Vain fury was rife among them as name after name was called to a terrible silence; and the remnant of the regiment had to be marched back to safe country lest it should be wasted upon the assegais of the enemy.

Then came a time of utter gloom and despondency when they were haunted by the remembrance of that hell of slaughter through which they had ridden; and at night men raved in their sleep and fought in their dreams, wept like girls and swore like ruffians. In the hospital Adam was delirious, and his life wavered in him; and Ben, whose arm was badly wounded, tended him as well as he could. By-and-bye reinforcements arrived, and the wounded, including the Ashcrane men, were sent to the south. They saw nothing of the victories that followed this defeat, for they were invalided home, Adam a wreck, and Ben weak and ill. Half-way on the voyage, one of Adam's legs had to be amputated at the knee, and he reached England a cripple. Ben, although he still carried his arm in a

"Caan't I make up for that now?" she asked."

Google

sling, soon recovered his health, and devoted himself to his comrade. Adam told everyone of Ben's heroism, and worshipped his stalwart friend as weakness always worships strength; and Ben would stand by and listen with a gratified smile on his face until the tale was all told, and then he would protest—

"'A' done now, Adam! You'd 'a' done jest the same for me, I reckon."

At Ashcrane Adam hid himself in the old home, and his people heard how his life had been saved and spread the news near and far, and Ben was invited to all the farm-houses, and was feasted and admired and was as happy as the day was long. Lu listened, with tears in her eyes, to the telling of the brave deed, and was pleased to see Ben, so pleased that he repeated the story to her a score of times, and each time she said that he was a hero. Then one day he asked her outright—

"Yew won't say no to me now, Lu?"

She looked at him, pale-faced and anxious.

"I allers said as 'ow I'd 'ave ee, Lu, and I've fought 'ard for 'ee. 'Tain't every man as 'ud fought Zulus as I did for yew, Lu. What say ter 'avin' our names called next Sunday?"

"You be a brave man, Ben," she said, "a very brave man. I hope we'll be allers friends, but I ain't inclined o' marryin' yew."

"What? Yew won't 'ave me, Lu—nohow?"

"Nohow, Ben. I don't mean it unkind, but don't ee ask me agen."

"'Tain't no matter, Lu," he said hotly, "there's lots o' gals as will. 'Tain't every chap 'as fought agen Zulus!"

That evening, Adam sat as usual in the garden where he could watch the crimson and gold of the sunset fade into the purple of the coming night. The shadows of the great elms spread in the dusk, while the hush that comes with the darkness was heralded by the twittering of the sparrows, the cawing of the rooks above, and the hum of the insects as they buzzed home.

Presently the gate clicked and a slim girl came up the path to him, and a well-remembered voice faltered.

"Are ee any better, Adam?"

"As well as I'm loike to be, Lu."

"Why don't ee come and see Mother and me?"

"I caan't get about well, Lu. Ain't ee heerd?"

"Yes, Adam, and I be main sorry. I coom to tell ee how sorry."

There was a pause, and then he said—

"Do ee call to mind, Lu—ee said ef I coom to me stoomps ee'd laff at me."

"Caan't I make up for that now?" she asked, timidly; and he thought he heard a stifled sob after the words. He did not answer. He could not bring himself to say no.

"I tole Ben I'd never marry 'im," she said, softly; again he would not speak. The cricket in the cottage wall chirped until it awoke echoes.

"Adam!" she said, appealingly.

"What can I say, Lu? I be done for now."

"No, no! Don't 'ee say that. Yew'll be brave and 'earty when yew be nussed up a bit. And—and—I do love 'ee, Adam," she cried, desperately.

She was so near that he caught her hand and kissed and fondled it; and she bent over him, and then their lips met.

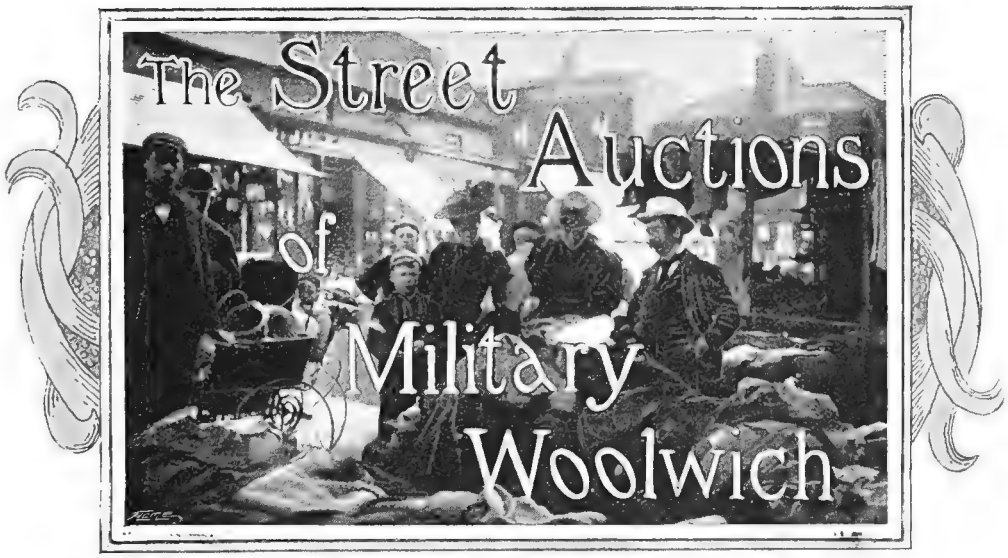
The folk wondered at Lu! but the wooing was done.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The story of this fight on the Zlobane was told me by one of the survivors.

Photo by E. V. Ward.

A Military Camp.

Google



By Arthur Goodrich.

Illustrated with Photographs taken specially by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

In most towns there is a disposition to eye askance open-air stalls. They are tolerated because they afford poor people an opportunity of purchasing cheaply, but they are not regarded with the pride we bestow on institutions which add to our dignity and importance.

Woolwich and its neighbourhood, on the contrary, are not only proud of their market in Beresford Square, but love it with a constancy which has lasted since 1610, the year in which that sage and learned monarch, James I., legalised its existence by charter. Like many other institutions which have contrived to survive the vicissitudes of time, the market in Beresford Square has had a most chequered career. The two families in whom were vested the rights of levying tolls shewed as little mercy as the local authorities, with whom it was a tradition that they would be failing in their duty did they spare it any indignity. It was in vain that the shopkeepers of Woolwich filled their windows with goods of the latest fashion; the public preferred their market.

Then a new era set in. As the Empire extended, so did the Arsenal increase. At last the workers employed therein became so numerous that some of the dealers, with a view to securing their patronage, deserted the market, and on Saturdays erected stalls in the large open space outside the Arsenal gates, which, in 1837, was christened Beresford Square, in honour of the Master General, the Marquis of Beresford.

As the artizans left by way of the square, good pitches were so highly prized that the night before market was invariably devoted to battle, the fighting to secure coigns of vantage being frequently of the most desperate description. At last matters became so alarming that in 1888 the local authorities, after buying out the family, to whom had descended the right of levying tolls, for £800, obtained an Act of Parliament which allowed them to extend the old market to Beresford Square, and entering on possession, they announced their determination to levy tolls on all stands.

This high-handed proceeding naturally aroused the greatest indignation. The Woolwich land-grabbers, by a process of reasoning not unknown in these days, had, from long immunity, so come to regard the place as their own that a system of letting and subletting stands had grown up quite in the manner of landlord and tenant. It was hard to have these valuable rights extinguished at one blow, still as refusal to pay meant eviction and loss of livelihood, the malcontents capitulated. They were wise, for a rich harvest awaited them. Woolwich and neighbourhood, to the extent of some 60,000 of the population, soon intimated that they would deal with them, buy clothes, good jewellery, crockery,

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

and what not, providing not only that a good article was vended, but that the sales were conducted in a manner which would rob commercialism of its prosaic character.

Let me illustrate this.

On the day of our visit, a dealer close to where I was standing was selling crockery.

Did he, as is the custom, hold the cups and saucers up to the light and then expatiate on their transparency? Certainly not. His

The auctioneers amuse the crowd with bantering remarks.

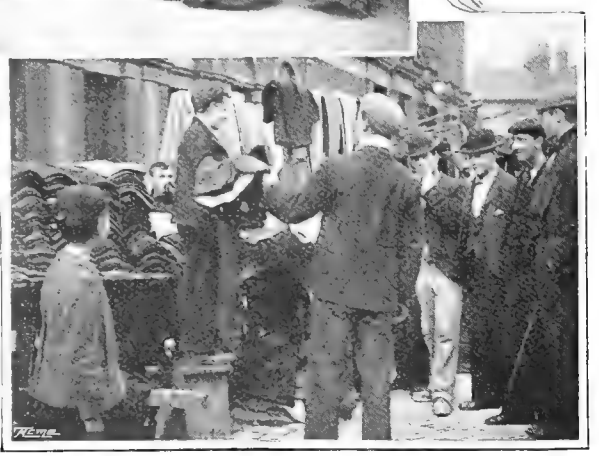
customers could and would do that before purchase. What he did was to enliven the transaction by humorous allusions and fantastic sallies, and this is how he delivered himself:—

"Fancy asking a lady and gentleman calling on you to have a cup of tea or drink your health out of gallipots and egg cups when you have the opportunity of purchasing Dresden china and lovely wine-glasses like these!"

It may be safely averred that the dealers of Beresford Square are the very cream of the profession. Their suavity is so great, their politeness so winning, their geniality so overwhelming, that they win your confidence at a glance; that is, if you happen to be of the male persuasion. The gentlemen of Woolwich feel at home with the dealers and the dealers with them, but with the ladies it is different.

The Arsenal gates are, as I have said, in Beresford Square, and when the market migrated thither, the dealers used to greet the workers on leaving work on Saturday with such studious politeness and studied courtesy that their victims found it quite impossible to leave the market without purchasing something or other, and at a price, too, which was certain to kindle the ire of the partner at home.

This resulted in a custom which soon hardened into finality. The workpeople leave the Arsenal on Saturday mid-day by way of the market as of yore, but the wives are there to meet them. So if they want to take a stroll through the market before dinner, "just to see how things is agoin' on like," it must be in the company of the "missus."



There is always a ready sale for trousers.

Said a dealer when reprobating this custom:

"I used to think nothing of selling a couple of dozen carbon diamond studs before dinner. But those days are gone. Watch this party."

A lady and gentleman approached. Said the dealer to his footman in livery: "John, hand round some diamond studs."

The man did so, and whilst they were being examined, on a velvet escutcheon, the dealer expatiated on their beauty. "Look at them," he cried, "although only 2d. each, blazin' with the light of a thousand internal fires."

Digitized by Google

The gentleman admired, but the lady said: "Yes, but how long do they shine like that?"

As this conversation took place in the forenoon when cold reason and calculation reign supreme, I was not surprised, after a dealer had declared that the one green spot in the oasis of life was a tablecloth for 5*s.* 6*d.*, to hear a lady sternly command her spouse to wait till the price had sunk to 2*s.* 6*d.* From this it will be inferred that in Beresford Square prices are not, like the laws of the Medes, fixed and unalterable. They are as changeful as the surface of the ocean.

A dealer in umbrellas was selling his goods by auction. There had been no rain for six weeks, which was good for the dealer, as it enabled him to solemnly assure his auditors that were one drop, only one drop, of rain to fall at that moment, up would go the price to 3*s.* 6*d.*

Ladies' umbrellas were being sold of a slimness so extreme that they were warranted to go through the eye of a needle, provided the eye were only large enough. Although offered at 10*s.* 6*d.*, the price slowly dropped till they reached 2*s.* 6*d.*, below which Woolwich thinks excellence is not to be expected.

Complete outfits may be obtained.

Some of the auctioneers are quite aged men.

Excellence it will have, but it is not averse to appearance. Consequently, when the "Pride of Woolwich" was submitted for purchase, a sudden coldness immediately pervaded the meeting. The "Pride" rejoiced in one of the most lavishly ornamented handles ever attached to an umbrella. The silver which encased the handle may not have weighed, as the auctioneer asserted that it did, quite half a ton, but its appearance was much more dazzling than that to be met with in more distinguished districts.

Still the "Pride" hung fire. It was in vain that the dealer, with an air of great consternation, withdrew one on the plea that he had discovered a flaw in the frame, and that he would sooner give them away than sell an imperfect

The female element is very much to the fore, and lady traders attract many customers by their charms.

Digitized by Google

Many workmen needing tools purchase their kits in the open air market.

article. He declared that the price he was asking was so small that he lost on every "Pride" sold, though he did make a small profit by selling a big quantity — in vain: there were still no bids. It wasn't a question of price, at least not yet. Something was wanting in its appearance. Suddenly the look of perplexity faded from the dealer's face. There were no tassels.

Forthwith a pair (silk) of such astounding proportions that they would not have looked out of place on a pair of window curtains, were added. Still buyers were coy. When a case was added, and the auctioneer had expressed a willingness to accept three shillings, business relations were renewed.

But the volume of trade is not large till evening on Saturdays. An afternoon nap and a cup of tea put the worthy folks of Woolwich on such good terms with themselves that when they go to the Market, the entire family, baby and all, frequently accompany them. They may not have much to spend. But what of that? Compare the joyless lives of rich people with the blissful destinies of those who do not tremble when thrones rock, and to whom a fall in the funds does not bring swift and sudden destruction. What are shares and gold to these folk?

Here comes a burly artisan and his household. The only gold-mine of which they know anything is the savings of the last two months, which are now to be expended in a new dress for Maria, boots for Tommy, and a complete rig out for Albert Edward. The "old 'un" may of late have been nourishing secret longings of his own not unconnected with the distinction begotten by a new suit of clothes, and the dealer owning a stall close by, where Tommy is trying on his boots, noting a certain wistfulness of expression, may take advantage of the "missus's" attention being concentrated on the aforesaid boots to whisper that he has a suit which would fit him like wall-paper—but the temptation is repelled.

It is astonishing how fond the people are of birds.

In the market at Beresford Square the belief that the welfare of the family is superior to that of the individual is accorded such homage that father quietly commences to extinguish all unholy ambitions for sartorial display, and mindful of the proprieties, does his best to shield Maria from the gaze of an inquisitive world whilst she tries on a new frock.

By the time Tommy has informed him that he is so delighted with the boots that he does not mean to take them off on going to bed, the "old 'un" has grown quite fond of his old clothes again.

Lady auctioneers, when fair to gaze on, are extremely popular at Beresford Square. Wit is not indispensable, but the ladies are expected to impart a lively and piquant flavour to their addresses. This they do—and more.

Digitized by Google

There is no article, however, humble, which the lady auctioneer of the market cannot invest with interest. The wit of one fair saleswoman is highly relished by the public.

"I have here a roll," she will say, brandishing an enormous pile of floorcloth aloft, "very suitable for a single young man and his wife. (Laughter.) Observe the pattern. Flowers may be dear in Covent Garden, but they are cheap enough on this oil cloth. (Laughter.) The pattern is what you might call a general one, and suits a dining-room, reception-room, sitting-room, boudoir, or drawing-room, as well as it does a bedroom, kitchen, library, attic, or hall. (Laughter.)

"It's what you might also call a matrimonial pattern. I've known heaps of young people, after looking at it, to rush off and get married. (Laughter.) Will anyone buy this roll? If you can't afford to pay for it all at once, I will take instalments, but not less than a farthing a week. (Laughter.)

"If you don't pay up, I shall wait on you at your private residence with my persuader." (Produces bludgeon and waves it about—laughter.)

Warming with her subject, the oratory of the fair speaker grows impassioned. "You cannot gaze on this pattern without blinking, for it contains all the tints of the far-famed rainbow. Also lay your 'ands on your 'earts and asservate, if you dare, that any person missing this chance of turnin' the 'owling wilderness he calls 'is 'ome into a smilin' garding is not a bloomin' lunatic." In Beresford Square it is not considered good form to chaff the lady auctioneer, but her colleagues of the other sex have frequently to endure a bad quarter of an hour, unless they are unusually well equipped.

I am listening to a vendor of lozenges, who is explaining that he has two sorts of lozenges, one of the yellow variety, which, if taken just before sitting down to dinner at the house of a friend, will enable you to polish off three plates of meat without turning a hair, whilst the administration of its companion (pink in colour) to a friend who is dining with you will take away his appetite altogether.

On hearing this one of the audience, a lady, intervenes.

Surveying the speaker with lofty scorn, she asks, in tones of mocking incredulity, whether the vendor has any temper lozenges to dispose of, because she would like to buy

There is a ready market for pigeons, ducks, and fowls.

Here is a fair damsel trying on a cape which has taken her fancy.

a couple of tons for her old man, who was always "contrary" at tea-time.

As almost every description of merchandise is sold in the

Digitized by Google

market, book stalls are not wanting. Believing that the tastes and habits of communities are largely influenced, if not entirely moulded, by their surroundings, I questioned a bookseller on this point.

The dealer had no particular views on environment, but he was certain that Woolwich was unlike other places. Superior towns like Croydon, for instance, have a weakness, it seems, for ghost-stories, and back numbers of Dickens in the immortal green cover.

Portsmouth likes sea-stories flavoured with piracy, shipwreck and mutiny, whilst Woolwich — and the dealer sighed, shook his head, and stopped despondently. And no wonder, for the literary tastes of Woolwich are not as elevated as they might be. Philosophy and theology are so little esteemed that more than one dealer assured me that if he was to offer his patrons "free gratis for nothink a work by Spencer, Bain, Bishop Butler or Farrar, it would be declined.

"Give them something in the blood, thunder and sudden death line, and they are on it.

"Old folk I provide with Wellington in the Peninsular, middle age finds comfort in the Franco-German, and all wars conducted scientifically by clever generals.

The umbrella-seller does a flourishing trade in wet weather.

Some of the jackets sold are quite stylish.

It is a common sight to see people trying on boots in the open air.

"Young ladies like narratives of personal heroism. 'Deeds of Daring Englishmen,' and 'Britain's Heroes' they dote on.

"Their sweethearts prefer the French

Google

Revolution, the Commune of Paris and all up-to-date wars and revolutions, whilst the juveniles ain't got no particular tastes as long as the English soldier comes out on top."

I have said that almost everything can be purchased in Beresford Square, and everything can, save furniture and poultry. Furniture may not be suitable for out-of-door sales, but poultry is. Unfortunately, Woolwich ladies, although content to purchase their jewellery, dresses, bonnets, underclothing, meat, boots, hosiery, grocery, etc., etc., regard any poultry which may be exhibited for sale in the Square with much distrust. Wild cab-horses could not induce a Woolwich matron to purchase, say, a goose, in Beresford Square.

For this hostility several reasons are given, the most credited being a story which relates that on a certain memorable Christmas several years ago a dealer entered the market with a large van-load of geese, which, as far as appearances were concerned, looked so tempting that the whole lot were soon disposed of. Now, however great may be the veneration inspired in the human breast by old age, the tribute is generally withheld where poultry is concerned. When the diners next day found that even cooking, extending over several hours, had failed to soften the adamantine qualities of these aged birds, they waxed exceeding wroth, and with one voice declared that they would never, no never, purchase poultry in Beresford Square again. And they have kept their word, greatly to the joy of Tower Street and Hare Street.

After reading thus far many readers will probably pause to consider whether the profit of shops would be increased were the assistants to cultivate a little of the humour which makes a visit to Beresford Square so enjoyable. I think not. For a time I believe the dealers found a little wit greatly enhanced prices, but the cold-blooded sagacity with which the British lady conducts her marketing having resumed its sway, profits now sink so low that one wonders how some of the dealers, especially the auctioneers, clear sufficient to pay the tolls, which at Beresford Square are pretty stiff.

These range from *2s.* for a barrow and to board occupying a space of 8ft. by 4ft., a *10s.* for a pitch on which a mock or real auction has licence to sell.

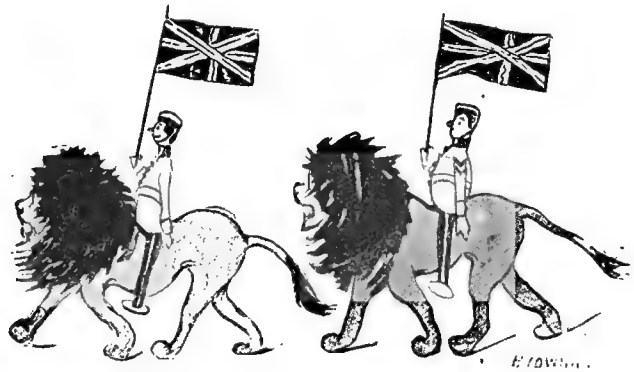
Notwithstanding the bantering and wordy warfare that goes on, the greatest cheerfulness prevails.

At first I was inclined to view with awe the great physical resources of the Market Inspector, a personage of great height and Herculean proportions. But I soon discovered that kindness and not force were the means relied on by this officer for the preservation of peace.

All dealers are expected to pay for their stalls when they engage them, but owing to competition, and other causes, they are sometimes without the money. What is to be done?

The suppliant looks up at the Inspector, and the Inspector, stern and commanding, looks down on his visitor. Presently the rigidity of his features relaxes, and the glimmer of a smile is seen to hover about his mouth. Then the huge hand wanders in the direction of the pocket and the money is slipped into the applicant's hand.

It is the settled conviction of Beresford Square Market that their Inspector has a heart of gold.



Digitized by Google

O Absalom, My Son!

By W. C. Morrow.

Colonel MacDonald felt an icicle strike through his heart when an orderly dashed up with a command from the general to charge the ditch. It was not that the smallest drop of cowardly blood had a place in his veins. Indeed, he was possessed of that cool and dogged order of courage which cuts the deepest havoc in a long and stubborn battle, and which fights gravely on after the volcanic fires of more impetuous natures have expended their forces in spectacular slaughter or gone down in glorious extinction. To send such a man as Colonel MacDonald into such a charge as this was one of those grotesque blunders to which the madness of battle gives birth. Far better would it have been to send a dashing hot-head, a man with blazing eyes and a wild shout in his throat, into that awful quiet mælstrom of reserved lead, where the noise and flame of courage, not the cool and relentless terror of it, would sweep the field.

It was not that Colonel MacDonald feared for his life; but he knew the quality and temper of his regiment, which were his own infused. In the famous corps to which it belonged, his regiment was accounted the mainstay, the rock against which furious charges dashed themselves to pieces, the pivot upon which rout was swung round to victory. It was a wall, not a hurricane; an immovable iceberg, not a boiling torrent. How would it behave in this new and strange emergency? A stayer of the panic of others, how would it handle a possible panic of its own? A dam to restrain the flood, what incoherency and disorganisation might it develop as the flood itself?

The odds against Colonel MacDonald were tremendous. The enemy, securely intrenched, outnumbered him fearfully; but it would still have been many times stronger had it had but a fourth of his numbers. Between his position in the trees and the yellow line of new earth marking the enemy's ditch a mile away was a perfectly level field, recently planted—a pasty soil deeply plowed, and made soft by rain. It was an infantry regiment that had been ordered to charge the ditch across that field. The necessary slowness of the progress, the exhausting labour of it as the men would sink nearly to their knees at every step, the total impossibility of making a dash, the deadly aim that the enemy could take as it waited in perfect security until the whites of the charging men's eyes could be plainly seen—the whole ghastly picture swept through the Colonel's mind.

And there was another thing. . . . The complexity of the human heart is unaccountable. The bravest soldier may at one time face death with the resignation of a Stoic or the recklessness of a battle-drunk madman, and at another quail when the shadowy picture of a loved and suffering one thrusts itself between him and his leaden destiny. At times there are causes vastly more potent than the fear of death to cool the hot iron in a soldier's heart; there are transitory moments of suffocating, honest, manly doubt whether it be nobler to die for one's country or live for the sake of cherished hearts whom one's death would rob of life without satisfying the grave. . . . Not an hour ago Colonel MacDonald had held in his arms his wife and his one child, and he felt their sacred tears where he had permitted them to dry upon his cheek. They were so near yet—these two loved ones—and how unthinkable it was that they should see him . . . either an impotent heap of breathing flesh, or riddled into——

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by W. C. Morrow.

Digitized by Google

In spite of his masterly composure, the colonel stared in dumb astonishment at the orderly.

"Is the general aware of the character of the ground over which I am to charge?" he inquired, with a strange hesitation.

The orderly looked surprised. "He said nothing about it, colonel," he answered.

"I suppose," resumed the colonel, speaking with great slowness and calmness, as though unconscious of his words, "I suppose the general has ordered meanwhile a flank attack on the ditch — round through the woods, there to the right—to send an enfilading fire into the enemy while I charge."

"That is impossible, colonel; there are no troops nor batteries for the purpose."

The colonel stared so strangely at the orderly that the brisk young man wondered. An embarrassment that he felt without understanding caused him to lower his glance, as though he too shared the unconscious guilt of the blunder! Then, wheeling his impatient horse, he asked:

"I shall tell the general——?"

"That I will charge," answered the colonel quietly.

The orderly saluted and galloped away.

The orderly saluted and galloped away.

The scene had been witnessed by the whole regiment, lying on its guns and idly listening to the shells that tore screaming and bursting through the woods, and by something akin to unanimous intuition, it divined the purport of the order, though it had been heard only by the colonel and his aids. The men were veterans, seasoned, cool, self-contained; but their glances met all down the lines in a kind of dismay that had no words for its expression.

Orders were at once swiftly bearing the message of death, and the musical notes of the bugle sounded clear and round above the diapason of the singing shells in the trees. The colonel, with drawn sword, galloped to the front, turned, faced his men, and without a word raised his sword aloft, wheeled about, and headed slowly for the ditch. In that brief moment his men saw a deep pallor that they had never found there before, but behind it the familiar quiet gleam of the eye that meant steadfastness to the end. That was what they wanted, what they had never failed to find when the crisis came; and, taking it into their hearts, they sprang forth from the sheltering trees into the open.

They took the soft earth bravely at first, going at a double-quick; but the colonel checked them, and passed the order down the line that they should move slowly. His purpose was to reserve their strength until the glinting barrels of the enemy's rifles and the cautious upraised hats above the earthworks showed that a deadly aim was being taken; and there was time enough for that. Far to the left the battle roared, and Colonel MacDonald, holding the extreme right, knew that a heavy responsibility rested upon him. Should his regiment be swept away, his general's right would be turned, for concealed in the woods beyond the enemy's trench, were batteries awaiting the oppor-

Digitized by Google

tunity that the entrenched regiments would open.

Half the distance across the field had been covered, and as yet not a single puff of smoke had risen from the earthworks. Even the batteries in the woods were silent. Colonel MacDonald's men trudged slowly forward, in perfect order, their glinting rifles showing lines as straight and firm as on a holiday parade.

Another quarter of a mile had been covered, when all along the line of earthworks rifle-barrels began to slip over the top, and here and there a hat was uplifted above the yellow crest. The colonel faced his men—a splendid target for the enemy, but sitting in massive, nonchalant disregard of the fact. Gathering up the reins after calling a momentary halt, he galloped down the line, and in a few words sent the iron of his soul into the souls of his men. Then came the dash, the men crouching low as they floundered on through the mud.

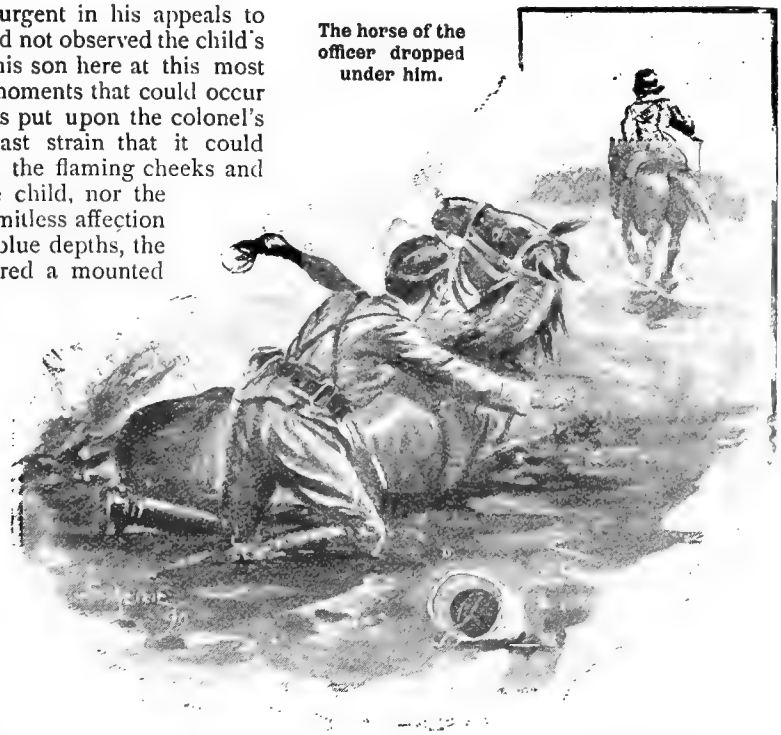
First came a solitary greeting shot from the works, then another, then a blazing, tearing crash that sent forth a flying wall of lead. Men dropped by the score, but there came not a groan from the hurt and the dying, not a shout nor a shot from the living. The colonel pressed on, waving his sword aloft. The officers of the line followed his example; but the men stood weighted in their tracks, transfixed by an unspeakable fear, staring in terror at the invisible death lying in wait to throttle them after the short lull from the enemy's reloading had ended. Thus had the glory of the famous regiment gone down in disgrace in a new and awful situation. Shouts and implorings from the officers failed to move the men. Stinging reproaches for their cowardice brought no quickening of their pride. They stood gazing helplessly at the yellow dam over which the river of death was pouring. Then came a wavering, a shiver, from end to end of the line. Glances were turned backward toward the sheltering trees, a few rifles were dropped, and the beginning of what would have been the most shameful rout in the history of the war was at hand.

But a wonderful thing occurred. Those looking backward toward the sheltering forest saw a small child tearing toward them from the rear, galloping furiously on a small nimble pony; and they recognised in the oncomer the colonel's little son, Robert, whom he and the men of the regiment called Tod. In what manner he had escaped from his mother, how he had followed and found his father—these are not things to discuss while the hearts of seven hundred surviving men are turning to water in dread of another winged wall of lead.

Dashing through the wavering ranks, the child drew up at the side of his father, who was so maddened by the failure

The colonel pressed on, waving his sword aloft . . . . but the men stood transfixed by an unspeakable fear.

Google



The horse of the officer dropped under him.

of his men and so urgent in his appeals to their fealty that he had not observed the child's approach. To see his son here at this most wretched of all the moments that could occur in ten thousand lives put upon the colonel's strength the very last strain that it could bear. Not heeding the flaming cheeks and dancing eyes of the child, nor the exaltation and the limitless affection that filled their wide blue depths, the colonel harshly ordered a mounted officer to take the boy to the rear; nor would he permit his agonised heart to comprehend the look of mortification and grief that dimmed the glowing lustre of the childish face upturned to his.

"Papa!" pleaded the little man; "don't send me back—I want to go where de men has de bees dat sings in de air. Dey was singin' all awound me when I was widin' froo de fiel'. Please, papa!"

At that moment a second flying wall of lead swept the open. The horse of the officer who had seized the pony's bridle dropped under him. The little man, seizing the moment of freedom, sent his whip into the pony's flank, and the nimble beast leaped ahead toward the yellow line. The colonel dashed after him, and the other officers who were mounted; and the paralyzed soldiers, seeing the child leading the charge and swinging his whip and shouting in his childish, piping voice to come on, felt the old fire boiling in their blood, the old iron in their souls. With a mighty shout they stormed the works, and the glory of the carnage of their bayonets in the ditch surpassed all reckoning. On they swept over the choked ditches filled with the regiments they had crushed, on to the battery in the woods, which they captured; and that is the story of the wonderful charge that turned the enemy's left that day.

After the din had ceased, while yet the air reeked with the grime of burnt powder, a white-faced man galloped along the line, searching through the haze with a frenzied eagerness for something—something infinitely precious. What saving of a paltry nation's cheap honour could compensate for one overwhelming, unthinkable loss?

The gleaming eager eyes at last found what they sought. The childish bare curly head was pillowed on the dead pony's neck, and a childish arm was caressingly thrown over the dead pony's head. The flaming roses were gone from the velvet cheeks, and the wide blue eyes whose last look upon him had been one of bitter disappointment and reproof, were closed. The wretched man, mastering a choking sob, approached his boy and took him gently in his arms. The blue eyes opened, stared vacantly a moment, and then lighted up with a happy recognition when their glance fell on the colonel's face. A turbulent joy bound the strong man's tongue in chains.

"Papa!" cried a childish voice; "is dat you? I'm so glad! I'm tired, papa. Can't you get yo' Toddy boy some water? Oh, dere was so many, many bees, and dey singed and singed, an' one' o' dem naughty bees, he bit yo' Toddy boy wight here"—indicating a small blood-soaked shoulder, from which a small arm dangled helpless—"an' it hurted, but yo' Toddy boy didn' cwy!"

Google

THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By Geo. Best.

Illustrated from photographs by Arthur Ullyett, Leigh-on-Sea.

INTRODUCTION.

Leslie Gordon is borne in a balloon to the home of Santa Claus. The Patron Saint of Children tells the story of his life, and then carries Leslie on his back to the town of living toys—Santa Clauberg—where he sees many marvels, and a house, Gordon Hall, which is being erected for his use.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEPARTURE OF SANTA CLAUS.

No less than three hundred doll bricklayers were required to build up the Great Gordon Hall, and they worked so heartily and with such goodwill, that the building was finished in exactly twelve hours from the time the foundation stone was laid by the Lady Mayoress of Santa Clauberg. The big house was composed of many thousands of ordinary wooden building bricks; every horse and cart in the town having been employed in bringing these from the brickyards to the summit of the Mountain of Mirth, while whole trainloads of gelatine lozenges were carried to the same spot to cement the bricks together on the inside walls. All through the long night the work went merrily on, and long before morning dawned the builders had retired to their tiny cottages for a few hours' sleep, leaving a great army of doll painters, paperhangers, glaziers, and plumbers to decorate the house and make it habitable.

The foundation-stone of Gordon Hall was laid by the Lady Mayoress

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

Then the Hall was rapidly furnished with tiny tables and chairs, carpets and hearthrugs, pictures and overmantels, lace curtains and blinds, specially manufactured by the largest firm of house-furnishers in Santa Clauberg. The sleeping-room contained a bed which exactly fitted Leslie, with nothing to spare, besides a chest of drawers, washstand and dressing-table, all of which had been built to the correct scale from stock models of dolls' furniture.

And when, at ten o'clock on the morning of the first day of October, Santa Claus brought Leslie down the mountain to his new home, everything was finished, and a large staff of doll servants was already at work in the kitchen of the Gordon Hall, which was the only room of the building too small for the new tenant to enter.

A general holiday had been declared for that day, and at twelve o'clock all the brass cannon in the forts along the river were fired at the same time; the cathedral bells were rung merrily; and a great procession of soldiers, sailors, and townspeople wended its way towards the new building to hold a grand gala on the Mountain of Mirth, where toy roundabouts and shooting galleries had been erected, and to give a hearty welcome to the popular tenant of the Hall.

Leslie made a very loving speech from the front door of his new house.

And Leslie made a very loving, but shockingly ungrammatical, speech from the front door of his new home, a speech which was received with tremendous cheers by the five thousand mixed dolls to whom it was addressed, and which was fully reported by four automatic penmen from the *Santa Clauberg Times*.

"My dear Dollies!" began Leslie turning very red in the face before the gaze of such a multitude of glass eyes. "My dear little Dollies, it is kind of you to build me such a nice building as you have builded, and it is very funny that dolls can build anything at all. Dead dolls, like my sister plays with, are stupid things, but you have got far more sense than the cleverest dog or cat in the world! I know that shop dolls have no brains, because I once opened the head of Ethel's with a can-opener, and then I melted her face at the fire and stuck the top of her head on, back to front, and thought Ethel wouldn't notice it. But she did, and we buried her doll in the garden, and Ethel cried for nearly half-an-hour by the kitchen clock. Then we dug it up again for our new puppy to play with. But I wouldn't open the head of a live doll any more than I'd pull a cat's tail, or kill a jumping frog.

"It's very jolly to have a house like this all to one's self, but I'm sorry dear old Santa Claus is going away for such a long time. He is the nicest old gentleman I ever met, even nicer than Uncle Sam who used to give me sixpence an hour for keeping the flies off his bald head. Any time one of you is passing, come in and see me when I aren't cut. If I'm not in, call again when I am."

Leslie's speech was replied to by the Mayor of Santa Clauberg, a very brave citizen, who had once slain a fierce doll-eating frog with no other weapon than a lead-pencil lance, and was much respected for his courage, and his kindness to all the poor dolls of the town. And when the Mayor's kindly address was concluded, the great crowd gave three hearty cheers for Leslie Gordon, and three more for Santa Claus, after which they patronised the roundabouts and swings until the hour fixed for the departure of Father Christmas drew near.

"Good bye, Leslie boy, I am going now," said the brave old traveller appearing at the door of the Gordon Hall just as the last rays

Digitized by Google

of the setting sun were flooding the mountain summit, and converting the Home of Santa Claus into a palace of gold.

"Won't you come inside, Santa Claus, and say good-bye properly?" gasped Leslie brokenly, while two great tears rolled down his cheeks. "There's room in the dining-hall if you double yourself up, though I can't ask you to sit down, 'cos none of the chairs will fit you."

The Mayor had once slain a fierce, doll-eating frog.

"I must kiss you through the window, Les.," said Santa Claus. "The North Wind is already working himself up into a terrible rage because I am several minutes late in starting, and I have many towns in the South to visit before midnight."

Leslie threw open the window of his tiny parlour, and kissed Santa Claus warmly on both cheeks.

"Give my love to dear old England," he murmured, with dim eyes and quivering lips. "I shall miss you awfully—you, and the servant mannikins, and the beautiful frost pictures. What can I do for the little doll pe ple while you are away, Santa Claus?"

"Try to keep them from going to war with the mannikins, Leslie," said Santa Claus earnestly. "They are spending large sums of money on new ironclads, and forts, and cannon. They want to fight with the dear little people who were once their best friends. And all because the mannikins have claimed a piece of land no larger than a hearth-rug!"

The kitchen of Gordon Hall.

"And are the mannikins ready for 'em?" asked Leslie excitedly, with a very warlike twinkle in his eye.

"The little people of Sweetchester are also increasing their army and navy," was the answer, "and the fight will be terrible if it takes place. Santa Clauberg may be in ruins before I return."

"Why don't you forbid it, Santa Claus?"

"Emperors and kings cannot prevent wars in these days, Leslie. They can only advise their subjects as to the best course to pursue, and although such advice is always treated with respect, it is not always acted upon. I have already warned the inhabitants of both cities against plunging into a horrible war, yet, although to-day is a general holiday, the workers in the gun-factory are busy even at this moment. I saw a number of soldiers wheeling a new spring-cannon into the eastern fort scarcely half an hour ago."

"I will try to hold the dolls back, Santa Claus, for your sake," said Leslie; "but I should dearly like to see a real battle, with wounded mannikins lying on the field, and dolls' houses on fire, and ironclads sinking, and toy forts being blown to pieces while the band played the great war-song that I used to sing in the nursery at home when my toy soldiers were supposed to be fighting on the table cloth."

"What song is that, Leslie?"

"Rule, Britannia; God Save the Queen!
Hard times, hard times, very often seen—
Hokey-pokey a penny a lump, and best vanilla cream—
O! what a happy land is England!"

sang Leslie. "Isn't it beautiful?" he asked.

While Santa Claus was telling Leslie that he did not think much of a war-song with hokey-pokey in it, the heavily-laden flying machine, which had been lying at anchor at

Digitized by Google

a great height, was drawn down to earth by the willing hands of a thousand holiday-makers on the hillside; and the traveller had scarcely time to step inside, and to wave a loving farewell to Leslie and his loyal subjects, before a strong gust of wind from the North suddenly rattled the windows of the Gordon Hall, and carried the great machine first towards the clouds, and then rapidly away in a southerly direction.

"What is it all about?" asked the Judge, looking over his spectacles at the rival mayors

"That's very naughty of you both," said the Judge reprovingly

CHAPTER IX.

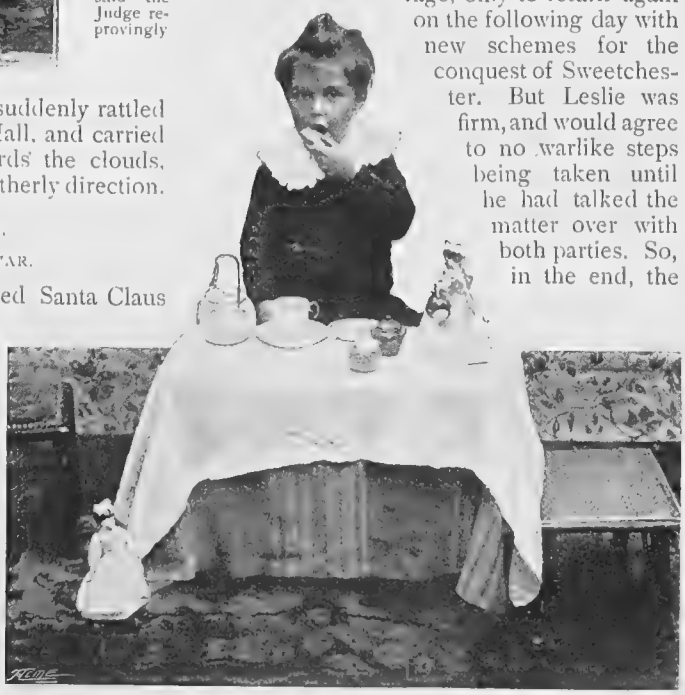
AN OUTBREAK OF WAR.

ALTHOUGH Leslie had promised Santa Claus that he would do everything in his power to prevent an outbreak of war, it was soon realised by the little people of Santa Clauberg that their visitor did not hold quite the same views on the subject as their much beloved and highly respected Emperor had so often expressed.

"If we can get Leslie Gordon on our side, Santa Claus won't be quite so angry when he comes back and finds the mannikins conquered, and their city in ruins," said the war-minister of the Town of Toys. And in order to obtain Leslie's approval of their wicked designs, large parties of citizens paid daily visits to the Gordon Hall, and held indignant meetings on the dining-room mantelpiece. Here they would speak for hours of great cavalry charges and bombardments, until Leslie became almost as excited as themselves, longing to behold the stirring scenes which were so vividly described by the various speakers.

"But I have not yet heard what the mannikins have to say," he would remark at the close of each meeting. "Mother always said she would hear both sides when I quarrelled with cousin Fred, and unless you allow several of the Sweetchester people to come here, I shan't tell you what I think you ought to do, so there!"

Then the dolls would cry, "Death to every mannikin who enters the City gates!" And they would leave the Gordon Hall in a great rage, only to return again on the following day with new schemes for the conquest of Sweetchester. But Leslie was firm, and would agree to no warlike steps being taken until he had talked the matter over with both parties. So, in the end, the



Leslie at tea in Gordon Hall.

Digitized by Google

tenant of Gordon Hall had his own way, and three chosen mannikins were despatched from Sweetchester to Santa Clauberg in answer to an invitation which had been written in the War Office of the Town of Toys. Being quite as eager for war as were their doll neighbours, the mannikin Parliament readily agreed to allow Leslie Gordon to act as judge, and on the tenth day following the departure of Santa Claus, the chosen three entered the City gates, and, after being blindfolded to prevent any note being taken of the position of the Santa Clauberg forts, they were escorted to the great Hall by a strong detachment of doll soldiers, where Leslie, attired in a judge's wig, and wearing a pair of spectacles which he couldn't possibly see through, was waiting to receive them.

"I will hear only one doll and one mannikin!" exclaimed the judge, as all the representatives of each party began to speak at once. "Silence! all of you, or else get outside! You make my head ache."

And he rang a table bell so violently that the clapper flew out and struck the Admiral of the Santa Clauberg navy on his forehead, stunning him on the spot.

When the fainting Admiral had been revived by having a thimbleful of cold water dashed over his uniform, order was immediately restored, and the Mayors of Santa Clauberg and Sweetchester stood together on the table before Leslie.

"Now," said the judge briskly, looking over his spectacles at the pair of little people before him, "what is it all about?"

The rival Mayors scowled furiously at one another, but neither answered the question.

"Land which they've no right to!" shouted a number of dolls at the back of the court. "Down with the mannikins!"

"It's ours, and we mean to keep it!" cried the three mannikins in chorus. "Death to the dolls!"

"Silence!" shouted Leslie angrily, "If you don't behave I shall clear the court!"

The rival Mayors, who had been making ugly faces at each other for some seconds, hereupon attacked one another with great fury, fighting savagely around the table cloth in a most disgraceful way.

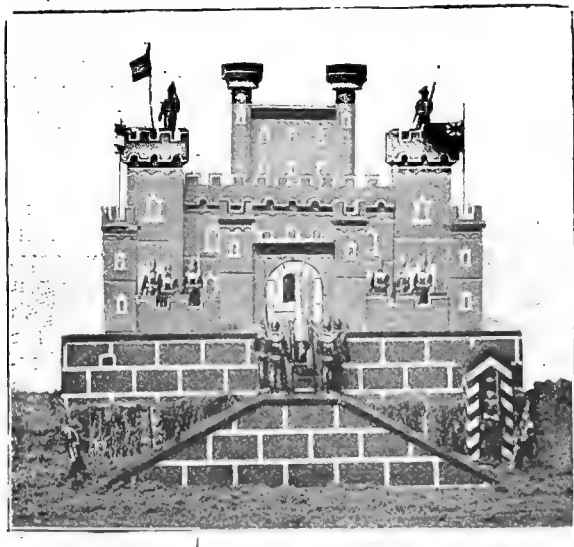
Leslie separated the combatants (with great reluctance), and held them, panting and gasping, as far apart as possible.

"That's very naughty of you both!" he exclaimed reprovingly. "Don't you know what Doctor Whats-his-name said about fighting?" And, forgetting that he was addressing men about forty years older than himself, Leslie quoted:—

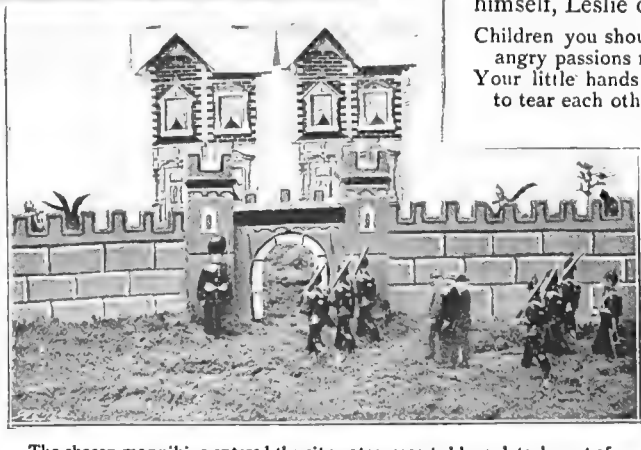
Children you should never let such angry passions rise,
Your little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes!

"Now shake hands," he continued. "If you don't, I shall make you kiss and be friends before the whole meeting!"

The Mayors sullenly



A number of soldiers wheeling a new spring cannon into the fort.



The chosen mannikins entered the city gates, escorted by a detachment of doll soldiers.

Google

The streets were crowded with soldiers.

"The ironclads of Sweetchester will make firewood of every doll's house in Santa Clauberg before your slow clockwork boats can get near them," hissed the mannikin, white with passion.

Leslie was now in a very excited state of mind.

Newsboys were selling their papers as quickly a they could hand them out.

shook hands, amidst loud hisses from the back of the court.

"Now, what about this land?" asked Leslie again. "Who had it first?"

"We had!" exclaimed the doll Mayor.

"We had!" cried the mannikin.

"One of you is telling wicked stories!" said Leslie gravely. "How could you *both* have it first?"

"All mannikins are story tellers," answered the doll Mayor, stamping his foot angrily.

"And all dolls are thieves as well," retorted the Sweetchester man folding his arms defiantly.

"Tut, tut," said the judge indulgently. "Don't call each other names, it's low and common. Why don't you tear the land in two and have half each?"

"Because it contains a gold mine, a coal mine, and a butterfly forest," said the mannikin mayor. "And both of the mines are on the one half."

"We refuse the half with the butterfly forest on," said the doll mayor.

"And we mean to stick to the gold mine," added the other jeeringly. "They can't take it away from us, even it they bring every stupid doll soldier in the place there! It is surrounded by forts, each fort containing twelve heavy brass cannon and a thousand men."

"Our warships will knock your forts to splinters in ten minutes!" cried the doll mayor mockingly. "And we can place twenty thousand wooden soldiers on the field at an hour's notice."

He plucked off his spectacles, and leaned eagerly forward. The dolls at the back of the court were mad with the war-fever, shouting and cheering in a frantic way. The mannikins were singing the Sweetchester war-anthem with uncovered heads.

"You don't think you can settle it without going to war?" shouted Leslie, rising to his feet amidst the deafening uproar.

"No! no! no!" screamed his hearers in chorus. "We want nothing but war! WAR! WAR!"

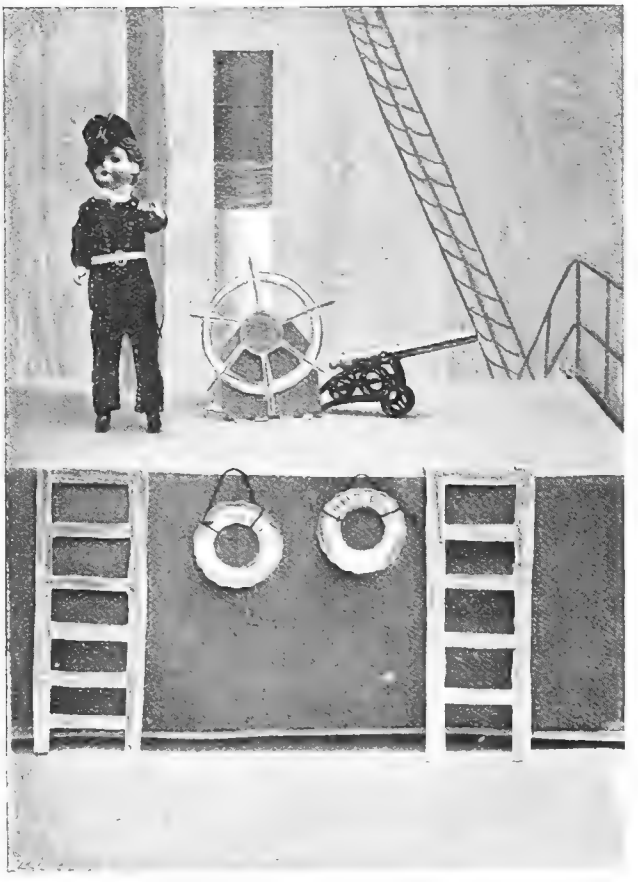
"Then fight it out!" cried the judge, bringing his little fist down on the table with so much force that the Mayor of Santa Clauberg was thrown on his back; and in that position commenced his great war speech, the first part of which was printed in the newspapers long before the speaker had brought his thrilling address to a conclusion.

The news reached the Town of Toys in less than five minutes from the time of Leslie's decision, and newsboys on every hand waved placards bearing the awful word

Digitized by Google

"War!" in large type; and sold their papers as quickly as they could hand them out to the great crowds which surrounded them.

And on the River of Carols dozen of ironclads lay at anchor, fully wound up, while little unbreakable officers paced their decks in restless excitement, awaiting the Admiral's signal to advance.



Awaiting the Admiral's signal to advance.

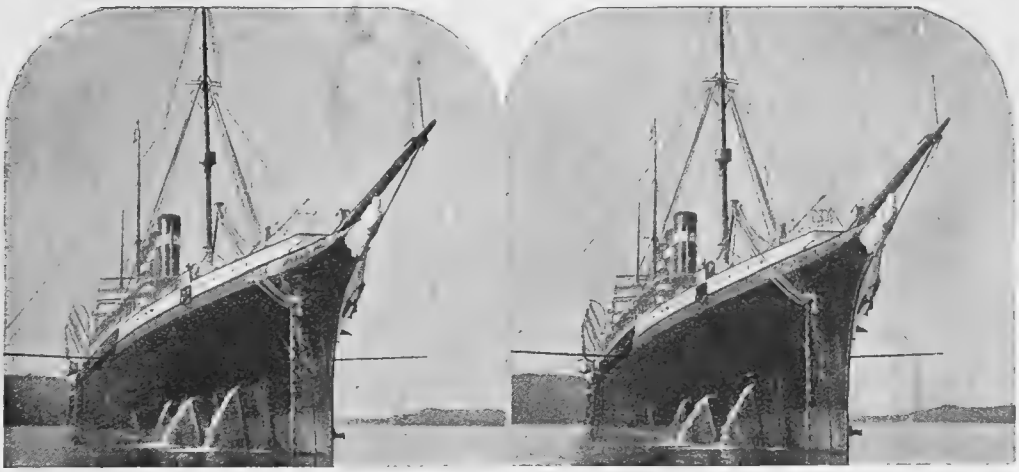
The sun went down, and before even the tiniest dolls of Santa Clauberg were tucked into their toy cribs by their anxious mothers on that memorable evening, a great fleet of real steam ironclads was advancing silently up the River of Carols, led by a beautiful model war-ship, nearly three feet in length, which carried eight large brass cannon, and hundreds of destructive shells manufactured from the heads of explosive matches.

It was not until the manikin warships had approached close enough to fire a shell, which exploded with a loud crack on the roof of the cathedral, that the dolls knew the siege of Santa Clauberg had begun. In another moment the streets were full of bursting shells, and when Leslie, hearing the awful uproar, ran quickly to the door of the Gordon Hall, a doll's house was already in flames, and the cathedral lay in ruins upon the mound at the top of the main street.

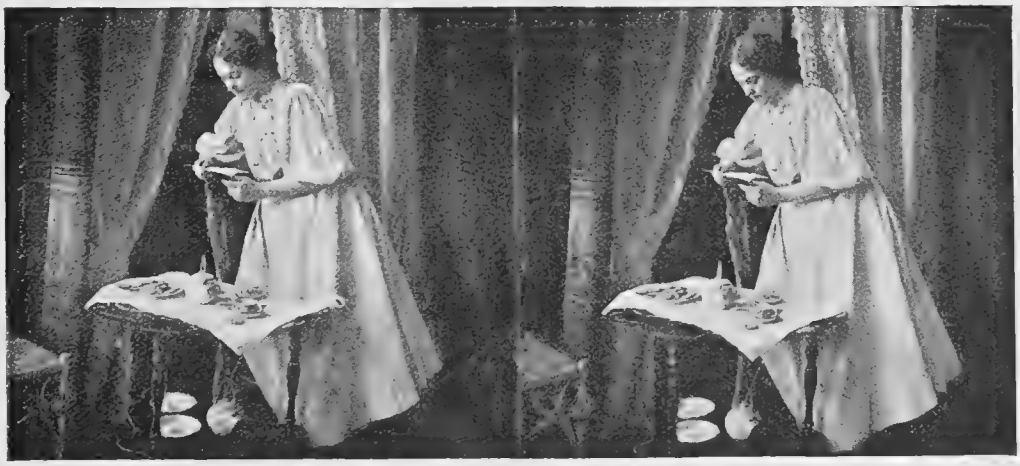
The baby dolls were tucked into their toy cribs by anxious mothers on that memorable evening.

Google

OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY



An Army Transport at Anchor.

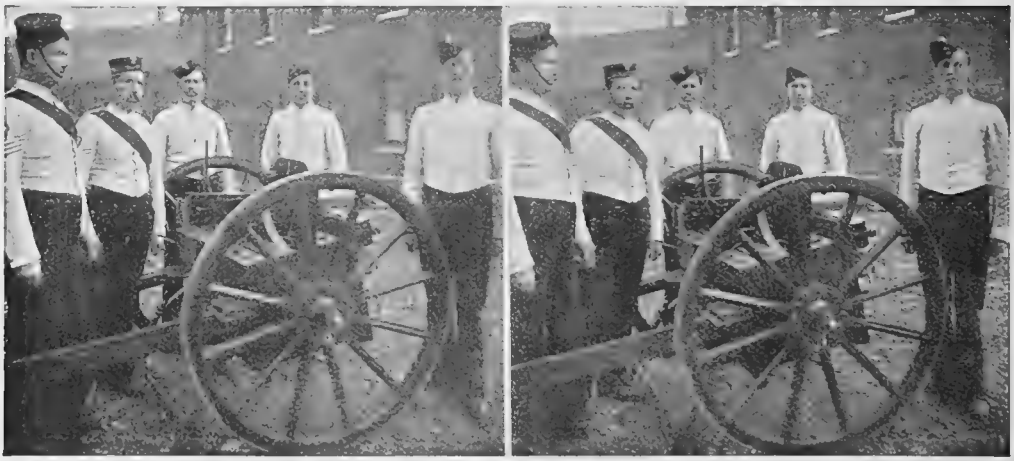


News from the Seat of War.

Learning to fight the Boers—Bayonet Drill.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2s., *post free.*

Digitized by Google



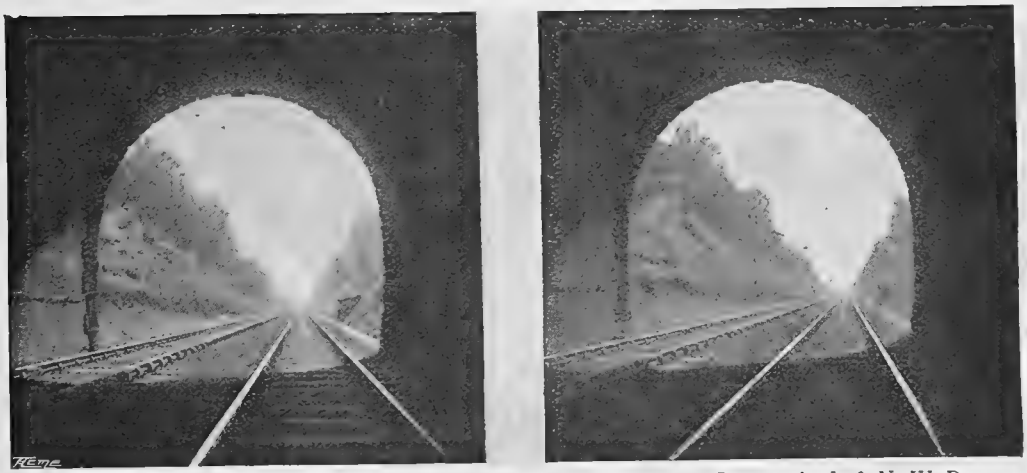
A Detachment of the Guards, with Maxim Gun.

A Thrush's Nest.

Troopers of Her Majesty's Household Cavalry.

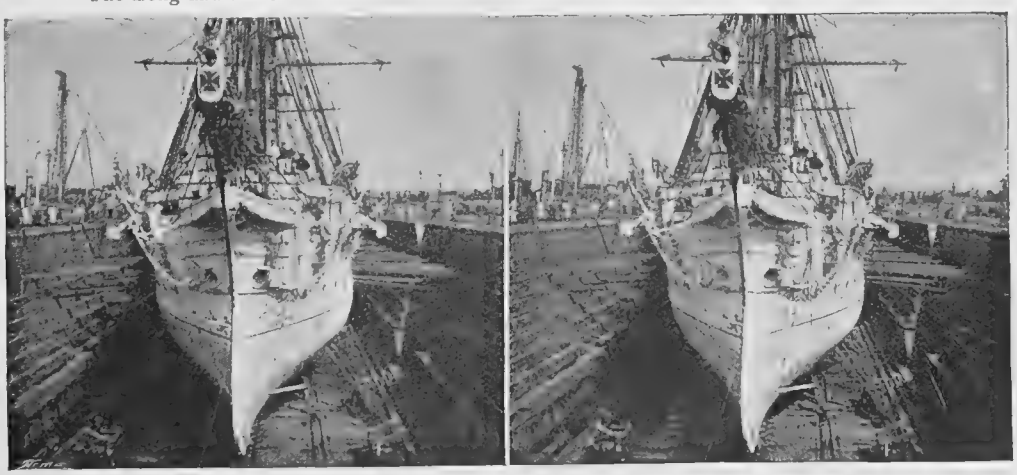
To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2s., *post free.*

Digitized by Google



A Straight Run on the L. & N. W. R.

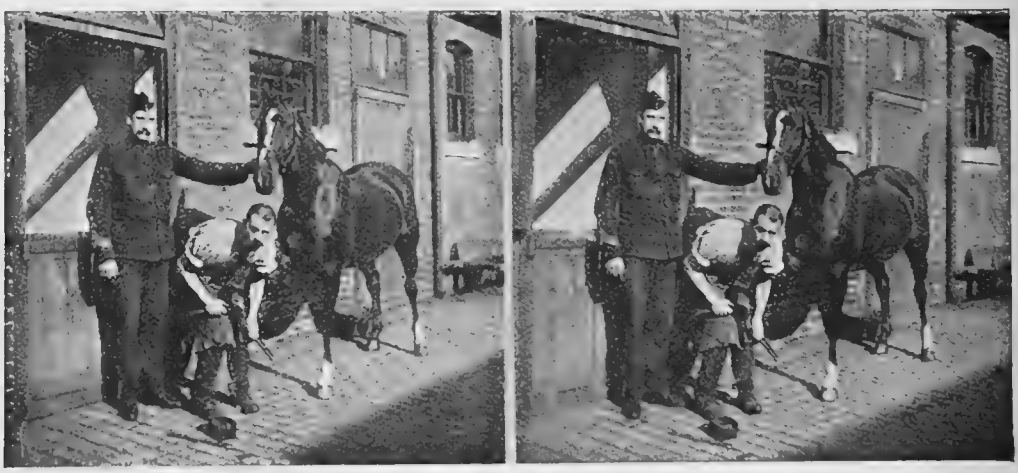
The Long and the Short of It.



A Cruiser in Dry Dock.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2s., *post free.*

Digitized by Google



A Cavalry Farriery Establishment.

Exercising the Limbs for Marching in Hilly Country.

A Shop in Madras.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2S., *post free.*

Digitized by Google

EAT LESS MEAT

HOME MADE HEALTH

THE EASY FOOD

Quaker Oats

"If too much animal food be eaten, we are liable to produce gout and disorders of the liver, not to speak of indigestion." "Practical Dietetics."

Quaker Oats WITH FRUIT

Most people eat too much meat, and many of the most painful and dangerous diseases are the result. Those who eat Quaker Oats do not desire so much meat, and they will always tell you that they feel better.

AT ALL DEALERS IN 1 & 2 LB. PACKETS

QUAKER OATS is not only the best breakfast and supper dish in the world, but also makes delicious and wholesome **soups, puddings, custards, gruels, &c.** *Cereal Cook Book* **FREE**

QUAKER OATS, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.

When requesting Cook Book please mention this magazine.

Google

BEDSTEADS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

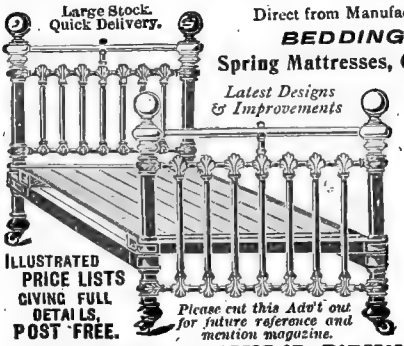
Large Stock. Quick Delivery.

Direct from Manufactory.

BEDDING,

Spring Mattresses, Cots, &c.

Latest Designs & Improvements



Carriage paid.

Packed Free.

Discount for Cash.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS GIVING FULL DETAILS, POST FREE.

Please cut this Adv't out for future reference and mention magazine.

CHARLES RILEY, ALBERT ST., BIRMINGHAM.

TO COLOUR **GREY HAIR** TRY ALEXANDRE'S **SHADEINE**

TRIAL BOTTLE **6d.** Per post, 7d.

SHADEINE colours grey or faded hair BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN, and GOLDEN. It contains neither lead, silver, mercury, sulphur, nor anything injurious. *Guaranteed not to burn the hair, produce an unnatural tint, but to be permanent, washable, free from grease or stickiness, and* **ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.** A Medical Certificate with every Bottle. Large Bottle, 3/6; post free, 3/9. Trial Bottle (Secretly packed.) *Est.* 1861. 6d.; post free, 7d.

(PARIS DEPOT: 28, Rue de Chabrol.)

N.M. ALEXANDRE, 30, WESTBOURNE GROVE LONDON, W.

ENAMELINE

THE MODERN

STOVE POLISH

SAVES ELBOW GREASE

IS BEAUTIFULLY ENAMELLED IN ALL COLOURS

MAINTAINS A BRIGHT **METALLIC** & PLEASING APPEARANCE

VENETIAN BLIND

FIXES IN HALF THE SPACE OF A WOOD BLIND

HODKINSON & Co LTD SMALL HEATH BIRMINGHAM.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.

£20

Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.

See 116 Guide and Catalogue (250 pgs.), 3d.

'HOW TO OPEN A CIGAR STORE from £20 to £2,000.'

Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (*Regd.*)

186, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON.

N.B.—The largest and original house. (*A reputation of over half a century.*)

Manager—HY. MYERS.

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.

Drum in position

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Magazine.

WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.

D. H. WILSON, 11, Newington Road, EDINBURGH

Digitized by Google

YOUNG LADIES

and others who are wise will do well to remember there is nothing better for their throats and lungs, than

Géraudel's Pastilles.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

72 in a Tube for 1/1½.

If you Cough take
GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

A JEWEL OF A PEN

The **"CALTON" Stylographic Pen** is the best because it is the simplest, most durable, holds more ink, and writes easier than a lead pencil does not leak, and can be carried in any position. Sent complete for **3/-**, post free. Cased in Silver, Hallmarked, **10/6. "JEWEL" Fountain Pen,** with 16-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, chased holder, **5/-**; mounted, **7/6.** All kinds repaired.

Dept. A., JEWEL Pen Co., 68, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.

WOMEN MADE BEAUTIFUL

By **DIANO.** Develops the Bust, fills all hollow places, adds beauty, curve and grace to the shoulders and neck. Charm and attraction to the plainest woman. **BEAUTIFUL** women everywhere owe their **SUPERB FIGURE** and matchless loveliness to **Diano.** Harmless Permanent. **Never Fails.** Medical and Private testimonials, and full particulars sealed for stamp.—Address, LADY MANAGER, A.T. ESPANOLA CO., 233A, Regent Street, London, W.

Going on a Sea Voyage? Going across the Channel? Is 1/6

too great an outlay to prevent your being SEA SICK or at any rate reduce your probable suffering to a minimum?

Send us this sum, and you will receive *post free*, by return,

A TIN OF 10 VALIDOL PRALINES,

with instructions. We return money if you tell us that **VALIDOL** (an absolutely harmless chemical combination of menthol and valerianic acid) proved unsuccessful

The makers are the well-known manufacturers of Quinine,

MESSRS. ZIMMER & CO., Ltd.

Apply to London Agency:

33, LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.

FOR CERTAIN SATISFACTION

ASK for and INSIST UPON getting the

DAISY 4/-

20TH CENTURY AIR RIFLE.

Extreme length 30in. Weight, 2 lbs.

Shoots B.B. Shot or Darts with sufficient force to kill Rats, &c. at 50ft. Useful and amusing for Adults, yet a Safe Toy for Children.

WRITE TO-DAY for address of nearest agent, to "A" Dept.,

WM. E. PECK & CO., 8, Bradford Avenue, LONDON.

Digitized by Google

MILK

is one of the

Most Dangerous Foods!

THIS opinion was expressed by the late SIR RICHARD THORNE THORNE (The CHIEF INSPECTOR of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD), in a lecture to the Royal British Nurses' Association, on the 2nd of December, 1899. He also stated that "34 out of 40 of the Queen's Cows had been slaughtered, as they were found to be suffering from Tuberculosis," that is to say their milk contained the germs of consumption, and that "90 out of every 100 milch cows in the country were diseased!!!"

Milk is also particularly liable to contamination from other sources, and often contains—

1. GERMS OF SCARLET FEVER.
2. GERMS OF DIPHTHERIA.
3. GERMS OF TYPHOID FEVER.
4. GERMS OF FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.

A recent Royal Commission, the entire Medical Profession, the War Office, the Local Government Board, etc., etc., recommend that all milk should be sterilized.

THE AYMARD

. . . PATENT . . .

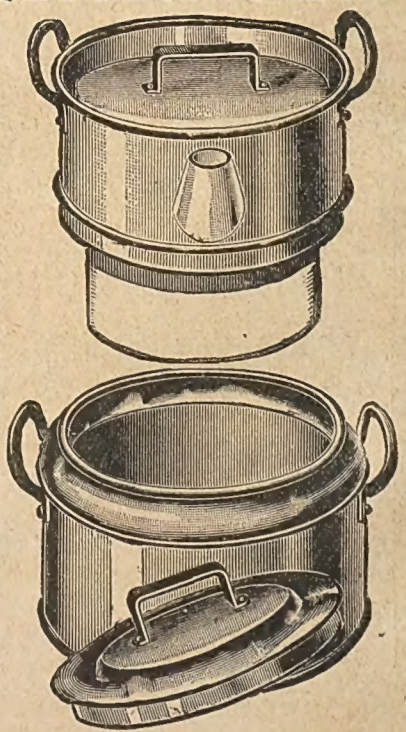
MILK STERILIZER

is a simple and perfect Apparatus, and should be in every kitchen. If used once daily for a few minutes, the whole of the milk required for the next 24 hours will be freed from germs, and the whole of the cream and albumin—which forms into scum when milk is boiled—will be retained. Milk that has not been properly sterilized is such a dangerous food, that those who allow it to be served to their families take a great responsibility.

MILK STERILIZED IN AYMARD'S STERILIZER

CONTAINS NO GERM OF DISEASE,
HAS NONE OF THE NASTY TASTE OF BOILED MILK,
HAS NO SCUM UPON IT,
IS MORE EASILY DIGESTED THAN RAW OR BOILED MILK.

If in doubt ask your Medical Man.



Aymard's Patent Milk Sterilizer *can be obtained from or through any of the Stores, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c., at prices as below; but in the event of would-be purchasers finding the slightest difficulty in getting their wants supplied, they are requested to remit with their orders direct to the factory, where full stocks are kept. Address:—*

The Aymard Patent Milk Sterilizer Co.,
St. Matthew's Works, Ipswich.

PRICES and SIZES.

Sizes.	1 pnt.	2 pnts.	3 pnts.	4 pnts.	1 gal.	2 gals.
Prices.						
With Enamelled Iron Milk Chamber.	5/6	7/6	10/6	14/6	23/6	33/6
With Tin Milk Chamber.	3/6	5/6	7/6	10/6	18/6	27/6

LARGER SIZES, up to 36 gallons, are suitable for large Institutions, Military Depots, Hospitals, Hydropathic Establishments, Asylums, and large Schools. Particulars on application.

Digitized by Google

Homocea

Still Touches the Spot,

and heals **All Sore Places.**

For **Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Piles, Sores, Swellings, Headaches, Rheumatism, etc.**

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Coleman's

WINCARNIS

IS THE FINEST TONIC AND RESTORATIVE IN THE WORLD.

6000 Testimonials received from Medical Men.

Sample bottle sent free on receipt of full postal address and 3 Penny Stamps for postage. Manufacturers: COLEMAN & Co. LTD., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, and

164, 166 & 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Samples Post Free.

BORDERED.
Children's ... 1/3 per doz.
Ladies' ... ... 2/3 „
Gents' ... ... 3/3 „

HEMSTITCHED.
Ladies' ... ... 2/9 per doz.
Gents' ... ... 3/11 „

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS & SHIRTS.

Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.

Ladies', from 3/6 per doz.
Gents', 4-fold, 4/11 „
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz.
Matchless Shirts, fine quality Long cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts and Cuffs, 35/6 the ½-doz. (to measure, 2/- extra.)

IRISH DAMASK TABLE & HOUSE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz.
Dinner „ 5/6 „
Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/6 each. 2½ by 3 yds., 5/6 each.
Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each.
Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yard.

Roller Towelling, 3d. per yard. Dusters, from 3/3 per doz. Linen Glass Cloths, 4/9 per doz.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter-orders and inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

WE BUY OLD OR DISUSED FALSE TEETH

UTMOST VALUE SENT BY RETURN,

or offers made and teeth held over until accepted.

(Estd. 1833.)

R. D. & J. B. FRASER,

PRINCES STREET, IPSWICH, ENGLAND.

Bankers' References—Messrs. BACON & Co., IPSWICH.

MACONOCHIE'S

Dainty Foods ARE OBTAINABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

. . . SPECIALLY FOR INVALIDS. . .

MACONOCHIE'S ESSENCE OF BEEF.

MACONOCHIE'S JULIENNE SOUP. Prepared from the formula of one of the finest Chefs of the day.

Please send for Sample Tin, sufficient to make a pint, post free, 6d.

For Breakfast or Tea— **PÂTÉS, CAMP PIES, POTTED MEATS, SALMON & SHRIMP PASTE.**

TRY THEM FOR SANDWICHES. SAMPLE PÂTÉ, POST FREE, 6d.

MACONOCHIE BROS., 131, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

TAKE CARE

when drinking Cocoa to have the pure article only, as many so-called "Pure" Cocoas contain added matter that is not only unnecessary, but often positively harmful.

Cadbury's Cocoa

ABSOLUTELY PURE, therefore BEST.

REFRESHING—NOURISHING—INVIGORATING.

THE LANCET (May 27th, 1899), says:

"The statement that Cadbury's Cocoa is an absolutely pure article cannot be controverted in view of the results of analysis which, in our hands, this excellent article of food has yielded."

FREE SAMPLE On receipt of Post Card giving name and address, and mentioning THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, **A FREE SAMPLE** of Cocoa will be sent by CADBURY BROTHERS, LTD., Bournville, near Birmingham

SOAPMAKERS BY ROYAL WARRANT

VICTORIA R. I. SAINT ALICE D. IMPERATRIX

Pears

Ich dien

TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

AND

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
All Advertisements to be addressed to T. B. Browne's Advertising Offices, 163, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google